THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

October, 1804.

LADY JANE DUNDAS,

(Now VISCOUNTESS MELVILLE.)

[With an elegant Portrait.]

THE present Viscountess Melville, formerly called Lady Jane Dundas, is a daughter of the late, and a sister of the present, Earl of Hopeton, in North Britain. Her maiden name was Lady Jane Hope.

ON THE HUMAN MIND.

THE powers of the human mind are of greater extent than is generally imagined. They who, either from taste or necessity, exercise them frequently, soon find that the highest felicities of which our nature is capable, reside entirely within ourselves. The wants of life are, for the greater part, merely artificial; and, although sensual objects contribute most efficaciously to our happiness and delight, it is not because they are indispensably necessary for this purpose, but because they have been rendered desirable by habit; and, from the pleasures they produce, we flatter ourselves, that they are absolutely necessary to our felicity. If, however, we had fortitude to resist their charms, and courage to seek our happiness in ourselves, we should frequently find in our own bosoms a greater variety of resources than all the objects of sense are capable of affording. Z.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXIV.

MY fair readers will recollect, that when I dispatched my last paper, I began to think of leaving Homely Place; and an incident occurred, which obliged me to bid adieu to the truly amiable and worthy family there, some days earlier than I intended. I shall never think, however, of the agreeable hours I have spent in their society, without a mixture of pleasure and regret; and as at my age, more especially, it is doubtful whether I may ever see them more, I wish to record my attachment, and to offer this testimony of my esteem and admiration of their virtues, though it is probable it may not meet their eyes. It is enough for me, that the heart has paid the homage of respect to so much worth and goodness in this public manner; and while I have gratified my own feelings, I hope the example I have held up to imitation, will not be wholly without effect. This is the grand end and aim I have in view in all my lucubrations; and the avowal will serve as a key to my young readers, when they are at a loss to conceive my design, or to penetrate into my meaning.

From Homely Place, I was suddenly summoned to attend my youngest daughter, who was thought to be dangerously ill. As I was upwards of fifty miles from the spot of her residence, it may easily be imagined what anxiety I felt during my journey, and how my heart bounded between hope and fear, as I approached her neat but unostentatious abode, where hitherto I had only seen the face of joy. Thank God! I was speedily relieved from my distress. Her disorder, which was of the acute kind, had left her almost as soon as the news of her indisposition reached me; and I embraced her and family with a delight I had never before felt; because those persons

to

to whom we are attached by the ties of nature or duty, will ever appear most dear, as we seem to be in danger of losing them, or find they are unexpectediy restored to us.

Perhaps the partiality I felt for a family so nearly allied to me, made me insensible to their imperfections; yet, after making every due allowance of this kind, I think I may safely declare, that few deserve to be more happy, or are so in reality. My two grandsons, who happened to be at home for the holidays, are models of dutiful obedience to their parents, and of diligence in their studies. Indeed, it seemed to be their only pleasure to improve in learning, and to shew their gratitude and attachment to the authors of their being. Sensible that their father is at once an able and the safest counsellor, they submit implicitly to his advice—they do more; they respectfully ask it, even on the most trivial occasions, where the native goodness of their own hearts, and the sound principles in which they have been brought up, would be sufficient guides for them. Nothing can be more lovely than their filial affection; and did children reflect, how seldom would they be wanting, even in appearance, in this grand duty, so abundantly its own reward, and so peculiarly blessed by Heaven! I never yet knew a child who was happy or successful in life, that did not discharge the relative duties with fidelity and zeal; or that set up his own crude notions of right and wrong, against the maturer reason and experience of a father. On this subject I could expatiate with the energy of conviction, and the warmth of regard. In a word, where there is so much deception, where can a young person, of either sex, expect to find faithful and disinterested counsel, but from parents and tutors! Even the latter may possibly be indifferent or deceitful; though it is to be hoped this is not frequently the case; but a father, or mother, can entertain no views inconsistent with the welfare of their offspring: in its happiness and

prosperity their fondest wishes centre. Who, then, that are not lost to every generous feeling, would give pain to that heart that bleeds for their disobedience, that yearns over them with the warmness of affection, and can receive no pleasure, but in seeing them good, amiable, and fortunate!

But I will not proceed farther. It pleased God to bless me (and it is the greatest blessing on earth) with dutiful and affectionate children; and I am happy to say, that, in return, they have found the same conduct in, and enjoyed the same felicity from their own offspring. This, indeed, is the natural reward of filial duty; would to heaven it were always so! But instances of perverseness and disobedience are too frequent where they have not been deserved; and though this reflection should alleviate the anguish of paternal sensibility, it unfortunately tends to encrease it. The consciousness of desert only adds to the bitterness of disappointment: where the heart is wounded, it is vain to expect fortitude from mortals!

I will not detain my readers with a recital of all the little occurrences which delighted or hurt *granny* in a circular visit to her family. To me they are sufficiently interesting; to others they would appear insipid or impertinent. Suffice it to say, that, in the whole, I had much reason to be gratified; and in an imperfect world like this, pleasures pure and unalloyed are not to be expected. I found in the families of my son and three daughters, eighteen grand-children, most of them arrived at, or verging to maturity; and, by the blessing of God, I hope to live to see myself a great grandmother, and to extend a share of my affections to the third generation. Age has not yet deadened my sensibility, or rendered me indifferent to the happiness of others; and while I am able to say this, protracted existence will not be unaccompanied with suitable enjoyments.

On my return home from my round of visits, which took place a few days ago, I accidentally fell in with the

the Townly family, who were full of the wonders they had seen in the course of their excursion; but when I made particular enquiries respecting some objects and places, most gratifying to tourists of taste, they had only a confused idea of them, and could only tell me, in general, that they were vastly pleased with the whole. Indeed, they had hurried with such rapidity from one place to another, that it was impossible they could have attended particularly to any thing; and the chief pleasure they received, must have been from constantly varying the scene. As for information or instruction, they appear to have wholly overlooked them; and, like too many other travellers, contented themselves with hastening over the ground, stopping at the regular stages, ordering a good dinner, and paying their bill without murmuring.

They regretted, however, that their journeying was so near a close; and, instead of thinking with pleasure of spending some weeks at their elegant mansion in the country, were already contriving how they could kill the fine weather in autumn, as they had done the summer. London, where they seemed to place the supreme of felicity, was too unfashionable till the meeting of parliament, and therefore they were beginning to project an excursion to Brighton, and round the sea-coast to the Isle of Wight, in order to fill up the interval of enjoyment. In my heart, I sincerely pitied their condition; but knew it was in vain to attempt to argue them into a more rational way of thinking and acting. They have no settled plan of living: to them, domestic enjoyments are unknown, and every place is dearer than home. Hence loco-motion in summer, and the bustle of the metropolis in winter, are the only objects they can contemplate with pleasure; and without engaging in any criminal dissipation, they have no relish for tranquil delights, though both fortune and situation invite them to partake.

OSBORNE.

OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. VIII.

[Continued from page 164.]

For gold too oft, with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart:
This crowns the prosperous villain with success,
To whom in vain sad merit pleads distress;
This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to Pleasure's blest abode;
With slaughter'd victims fills the flow'ry plain,
And marks the furrows of the trackless main.

THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

"THE young woman who attended me, had been the faithful servant of my beloved Paulina. She was her god-daughter, and doubly endeared to me by bearing the same name. Her unassuming charms had made a sudden and deep impression on young Moreland, whose speedy return occasioned us much surprise; though I at first attributed it to the interest he took in my concerns. He candidly acknowledged, that, as his situation in the Duke's family was a lucrative one, which he must forfeit by marrying, it would be more prudent for them to remain single till he had the power to establish his Paulina comfortably and independently; but added, that, as he could not endure the thoughts of her remaining at such a distance, he was come to make a proposal, which he much feared I would object to on many accounts. His mother, he said, had a neat cottage not far from the Castle: it would be her pride and pleasure to accommodate us, if I would but condescend to accept of her services till I had made my determination as to my future conduct. This was my very wish; and I gladly assented to it: not even a fear of discovery suggested itself, to damp my ardent desire of watching the actions of the Duke. His base desertion had filled me with hatred: I was

no

no longer the weak complaining woman, but the zealous friend of Osborne, the avenger of the injured Paulina; for, upon further conversation with Moreland on the subject of the hints he had dropped at our last meeting, he put into my hand a paper he had accidentally found, which completely convinced me of his integrity, and the baseness of those I once thought it a merit to regard. You will find the paper I speak of annexed to this manuscript." The Duchess turned over the leaves with trepidation, and read the following fragment of a letter addressed to the Duke by Del Marino, who had been called to London upon business.

"As I find you cannot persevere in any thing without encouragement from me, I neglect my own concerns, to answer your letter thus speedily. It is a lucky thing for you to have such a friend, or I know not how you would have extricated yourself from this cursed, untoward affair. I shall be detained here at least a week longer, meanwhile, will give you my best advice. Get the brat into your own hands as fast as you can, and send Agnes home, or to the d—l. She is a poor whimpering puss, and I disclaim her. Besides, this young heir must have *rougher nurses*—You understand me—A steady fine fellow, like Atholston, must not be put out of his chance by a hero in swaddling cloaths. We have succeeded *gloriously* in one undertaking; and if you are not chicken-hearted, the other may be successfully achieved. We Italians understand these things better than you cold-blooded Englishmen. I will trouble you to remit me an order for five hundred, as I am rather out of cash. Yours faithfully,

"Antonio Del Marino."

"This, indeed, is testimony," exclaimed Margaretta, with horror. "Unhappy Drelingforth! you have been the dupe of a villain. Osborne is vindicated: but let me read all before I draw conclusions."

"I was

"I was now fully persuaded that it was necessary to keep the deception I had used, a secret; yet the ingenuous confidence of Moreland deserved a return, and to him alone I revealed it. He expressed unfeigned astonishment and joy, and warmly applauded what I had done. "It will (said he) be attended with many difficulties, no doubt; but by our vigilance and caution, I trust, all will be safe till our young charge is of age to assert his rights; till when, he must be debarred the advantages his sex usually possess; as we have little power to withstand oppression; and no doubt every means would be practised to get him out of the way. At present, we shall be secure, as Drelingforth is going from the Castle for a short time. I am not at liberty to mention my conjectures; therefore, will say nothing about it till the event has confirmed them to be true." Every thing was then arranged for our purposed journey; and I was sanguine in my hopes that, at some future period, however distant, I should see my darling boy restored to his long withheld rights. I assumed the name of Fitzroy; and as that of Osborne was general in the north, and bestowed indiscriminately on boy or girl, I had no occasion to change yours. In this cottage I enjoyed tranquillity, though happiness was for ever banished; for I saw all my early prospects blasted by my own imprudence, and incessantly bewailed an error, which had reduced me to the distressing alternative of public shame, or perpetual obscurity. Not to be too minute in my recital, I will pass over my sensations when the Duke returned with the lovely Margaretta, his present amiable wife. She was not long in the Castle, before her praise was sounded by every tongue. Her virtues claimed my respect, and I rather pitied than envied her lot in being united to Henry. The aged mother of Moreland dying soon after, I became the Duke's tenant. Moreland, the only domestic in his confidence, was deputed his agent in respect to the remittances forwarded to me,

who, he imagined, had taken refuge with some friends in Portugal. I will do him the justice to say, that my allowance was regularly paid; and though my heart disdained the obligation, I had no other means of support for you, my darling Osborne. Your education was my solace and amusement in this necessary seclusion from society: my care was chiefly that you might not be spoiled by effeminacy; and the strange manner in which you were accustomed to conduct yourself, was a source of astonishment to those few neighbours with whom I occasionally associated. The marriage of Paulina with Moreland, soon left me without society; yet I had the happiness to see you daily improving; and your affectionate regard repaid me for the hours of anxiety I passed on your account. Moreland and his wife went to London, and would have urged me to remove with them; but I preferred my present situation, which long habit had attached me to. The encreasing family of the Duchess left me little to hope for on your side. Without friends to advise, or spirit to act for myself, I gradually relinquished my ardent hopes, and daily more and more dreaded a discovery, which I feared would involve us in disgrace, without effecting any benefit to either. While the crafty Del Marino possessed his wonted influence with the Duke, I knew we had little to hope for. Thus situated, judge of my anxiety when the Duchess first became acquainted with us. I wrote Moreland an account of the whole affair; and he advised me to overcome my fears, and suffer you to cultivate her growing favour. It was a measure replete with peril, yet I suffered things to take their course. For your own security, I extorted a solemn promise from you, not to reveal the secret of your sex till it became indispensably necessary. When of age to act with discretion, you will be empowered by this manuscript to make known your just claims. Use it with caution; beware of involving the innocent with the guilty. Farewell, my beloved child. Remember

ber the tenor of all my exhortations. Act with integrity in all your undertakings; and if not successful, you will still be happy in a self-approving conscience." The Duchess summoned Osborne into her presence, and returning him the packet, said, "These papers are important, Osborne; and have fully exculpated you from blame. How do you intend to act? You are heir to this estate; and can only be reinstated in your hereditary honors, by the ruin and disgrace of my family." Osborne bent his knee to her, and bathing her hand with tears, replied, "Reproach me not, Madam, with my misfortune. Rank or wealth can have few charms for me, at the price of their happiness whom I so tenderly love and respect: but this explanation was due to my honour. I ask only justice. Let me see the prisoner: if he is, indeed, my father, his rights supersede all others; if not, I will relinquish my claims, and remain unknown, unlamented." "Generous youth! (exclaimed the Duchess, embracing him,) it must not be; your cause is the cause of truth and innocence, and must prevail!" *(To be concluded in the next.)*

ON RURAL LIFE.

IT is only in rural life that a man can enjoy the treasures of the heart, himself, his wife, his children, and his friends. The country possesses in every respect superior advantages to the town; pure air, smiling prospects, pleasant walks, wholesome food, simple manners, and virtuous minds: the passions unfold themselves without injury; the bosom feels the freedom it enjoys, and rests on heaven alone. The miser may be sated with the abundant pleasures which the liberal hand of Nature is there incessantly pouring into his lap; the warrior may follow that image of war, the chace: the voluptuary may cultivate the richest fruits of the earth; and the philosopher may indulge his contemplation in silence and in ease.

THOUGHTS

On that severe Censure of Pope, that "Every Woman is at Heart a Rake."

OFTEN have I felt displeased, and often has my bosom heaved with indignation, when this severe, this unjust remark of the tuneful Bard of Twickenham has met my eye. What were the reasons which induced so great a poet, and one whom we cannot help considering as a friend of virtue, to make so open and unpardonable an attack upon those who are so eminently distinguished for refined sensibility, I am totally at a loss to determine: any endeavour to account for such an assertion, can only be founded in conjecture; but, to condemn the whole sex indiscriminately, because he entertained unfavorable sentiments towards the generality of them, or because he observed failings in a few, surely evinced a disposition equally uncandid and uncharitable.

Yet would I not be supposed to draw a veil over their foibles, or be seeking excuses to shield their failings from deserved blame—I would

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Only let so injurious an imputation be impartially considered, and I think I may venture to assert, that the accused would obtain a verdict in their favor.

Suppose it possible for a dozen female hearts to be dissected: let them be exposed to the inspection of the most penetrative eye; examine their structure, analyse their parts, consider their tendencies, their various dispositions and inclinations; and I am decidedly of opinion, that the majority of them would be exceptions to his maxim. What innumerable instances might be adduced of pious, prudent, virtuous

tuous and sensible women! Yet this undistinguishing libeller of the sex, whose assertion is only dangerous because it is sanctioned by so celebrated a name, exclaims, that "Every woman is at heart a rake!" Unfeeling Satyrist! Were he still in existence, I would do my best to have him brought before a jury of my fair country-women, and force him either to retract his opinion, or undergo a penance which they might deem adequate to the demerits of his crime. But cease my invectives — it appears punishment sufficient, that their frowns rest upon his memory.

The most exalted virtues, the most exquisite sensibility, have ever been considered as the attributes of the fair; nor has Christianity found them her weakest champions. St. Augustine owed his conversion to his mother; and St. Jerome was so convinced of their superior worth, that he dedicated a great part of his works to their patronage. But there is no need of these instances: there is in the breast of every one who peruses this illiberal line, a something which carries a conviction of its injustice.

I do not pretend to deny, but that there are some—and perhaps I might say many—who may justly deserve such an imputation; but surely that is by no means a sufficient reason for the condemnation of the whole sex! I would, therefore, advise my fair country-women to discard from their libraries, the author of so unfounded and so illiberal an assertion.

Should this feeble effort to rescue the unjustly-accused, enchanting sex from this unwarrantable accusation which is on record against them, procure a complacent smile from any one of them, I shall feel my endeavours sufficiently recompenced.

Clare, Aug. 1804. HONESTUS.

THE INEXPERIENCED TRAVELLER.

[Continued from page 180]

UPON taking leave, they directed me down a narrow alley, which they said was much nearer than proceeding through the public streets: but I had not proceeded farther than two hundred yards from them, when I received a violent blow on the back of my head. Completely stunned by this unexpected salutation, I reeled a few paces, yet did not fall: the blow was again repeated with an exertion that totally deprived me of sense. How long I remained in this situation is uncertain: I was, however, roused to recollection by a watchman who was going his rounds, and who, finding me extended on the pavement, imagined inebriety to have been the cause. My pockets, which were reversed, however, soon convinced him that I had not only been ill-used, but robbed, and, with an humanity which did honour to his feelings, he offered me all the assistance in his power.

Fortunately, however, I had received no material injury. The honest fellow accompanied me to the inn, and advised me to be bled, which was seconded by Thompson, who seemed to feel no small degree of interest in my fate. "I hope, (said he,) Mr. Franklin, you will excuse the liberty I have taken with you; but about an hour after you went out, a friend of mine offered me an order for the play; and though I seldom give up *business* for *pleasure*, I could not resist the desire I had to go, particularly as I could not help thinking that your new acquaintance were no *great things*. The play was nearly over before I could espy you; but the moment I did, I went into the next box; and as soon as I beheld that old *Jezebel*, *Orme*, with you, I knew very well how the land stood; for I have known her ever since I lived with Lord Wellingborough, and a viler baggage does not exist. She recollected *me*, I'll warrant you: but, thank God, you have escaped out of her clutches; and I dare swear it was by some of her gang that you were robbed."

I scarcely could credit the evidence of my senses. Was it possible that Fanny Middleton could be an artful demirep! and had I really been weak enough to offer a woman of that description, the possession of my heart, my name, and my hand! I cursed the whole sex, execrated my own folly, and, in short, never closed my eyes the whole night; and found my head so very painful the next morning, that I was unable to rise. At my request, Thompson sent a waiter to Charles Street, to enquire when Miss Middleton would be there again; for I was resolved to see her once more, for the purpose of convincing her that I had completely found her out. This satisfaction, however, I was deprived of; for the man informed me, that the death of a relation in the country had compelled her suddenly to leave town; that Mrs. Orme had accompanied her; and that it was very uncertain when either would return.

This was a convincing proof that these deceptious characters knew they were discovered. How completely did I bless my stars for my lucky escape! But the spirit with which I had set out upon my travels, seemed to have been evaporated by the specimen I had seen of the depravity of mankind. For several days I was unable to gratify that curiosity which alone determined me to remain in a spot where I had been so completely duped; yet I felt anxious to know the fate of the worthy Clifton's daughter, and was mortified at his not having kept his word. At length, however, he came. With a countenance glowing with animation, he informed me that his fears for the fate of his beloved Caroline were all flown; for Providence, in mercy to his prayers and supplications, had spared a life far dearer than his own. "But, good God! (continued he,) what an alteration has a few days made in you! The confined air of London does not agree with your health: you must consent to go home with me this evening, and to-morrow you shall pay a visit to my poor girl."

I readily

I readily accepted this friendly invitation; and he promised to call for me in a couple of hours; and scarcely were we seated in the carriage, when he informed me his country house was at Newington Green. Notwithstanding the unfriendly treatment I had received from my uncle, I felt a secret satisfaction at this piece of intelligence, which it would be difficult to describe, and immediately enquired whether he was acquainted with Mr. Sawbridge, without mentioning how nearly we were allied. "I have known him this twenty years, (replied my companion;) and though he is an eccentric character, he has an *excellent heart*: but, since he lost his wife, he seems to have lost his reason; for he actually keeps a girl in the house."

"A girl in the house! (I exclaimed:) why, has he not *married her?*" "No, no, (he replied;) he is not quite so great a fool. She is the daughter of his housekeeper; a low, artful, insidious baggage, who has persuaded him to let her go by his name." I instantly made Mr. Clifton acquainted with our relationship, and shewed him the letter which I had received from my pretended aunt. "Rely upon it, (said he,) Sawbridge never received your epistle; and this is a mere trick of that devilish designing girl!"

With a warmth of friendship which I had little right to have expected from a stranger, he promised to call upon my uncle on the following morning; "And, if I am not greatly mistaken, (said he,) this will turn out a fortunate business; for if the letter was written without his knowledge, he will pack madam out of the house." In Mr. Clifton's country box I found neatness blended with elegance; in every article of furniture, simplicity was united with taste; and in the society of the hospitable possessor, I enjoyed a truly intellectual treat. Anxiously as I wished to know the source of his daughter's sorrows, the subject was too delicate for me to begin; but scarcely was our friendly repast ended, when he addressed me in the following words.

"Though domestic griefs seldom interest the heart of a stranger, and I have not even communicated my sorrows to the bosom of a friend, yet, Mr. Franklin, as you witnessed the unexpected meeting between me and my daughter, I think you have a right to know the cause of those sorrows which had nearly brought her to the grave: therefore, if I shall not trespass upon your patience, I will relate the principal events of my life.

"My father, though a man of family, had only a moderate fortune. I happened to be the youngest of seven sons, all of whom, except the elder, were brought up to some profession; but knowing that a few hundreds would be all my inheritance, I chose the mercantile line. By this choice, I not only disobliged my father, but all my brothers thought proper to resent the family disgrace; for they confounded the respectable character of a merchant, with the mean mechanic, and the man of trade. Providence, however, seemed to favour my exertions. The gentleman under whose care I was placed, had an only child; and soon after the expiration of my clerkship, he made me an offer of her hand.

"Upon the education of this charming girl immense sums had been expended: she was all that the fondest husband could wish; and for three years I enjoyed with her an uninterrupted scene of happiness, which rendered her loss the more bitterly felt. In giving birth to my poor Caroline, her existence terminated. Never was sorrow more heart-felt than mine; and even at this distant period, her loved image is perpetually presented to my mind. In mourning for the *dead*, I did not forget the duty which I owed the *living*; and I felt that I had a double one to perform, as my little Caroline demanded those exertions which an indulgence of grief would not have permitted me to pay. The disposition of my child was amiable and affectionate; and, by bestowing the utmost pains upon her education, I had the happiness of tracing a resemblance to my lost Caroline in the

expanding powers of her mind, which strengthened the tie of parental affection, yet made me feel *miserable* when out of her sight.

"I was peculiarly fortunate in the governess under whose care I had placed her: she came into my family during Caroline's infancy, and remained with me until she was fourteen, when an old rich relation invited her to undertake the charge of his house. This excellent woman had two sons, who had but a slender provision; and though she was wretched at the idea of parting from her pupil, yet, as a parent, she thought the proposal was too flattering to be refused; and I felt too much interest in her welfare, even to intreat her to stay. Her successor, though highly recommended, entertained very different sentiments; she was what you call a high-finished lady, with a very weak mind; still she was perfect mistress of all fashionable accomplishments, and was perfectly capable of teaching them to my child. I soon perceived, however, that Caroline's ideas had undergone a rapid change; she was continually intreating me to introduce her into company, and became completely tired of the *sameness* of *home*.

"Eager to contribute to the happiness of my angel, when she had completed her sixteenth year, I complied with her desires: a watering-place was the spot fixed upon for her to be introduced into society, and never was a girl more universally admired. How many hopes and fears agitated my bosom, when I first beheld the effect of her charms! She was followed wherever she went by a crowd of admirers, all eager to carry away the lovely prize. Amongst the number of young men who sought my acquaintance, for the sake of being introduced to my child, was an Irish gentleman, of the name of Dillon, whose person and manners were a recommendation wherever he came. Deep, designing, well-informed, and insinuating, he adapted his conversation to the opinions of those whom he addressed: with the man of delicacy and taste, his feelings were all refinement: with

the man of principle, he was all probity; and with the serious, he could be grave. Though it was impossible to find out a fault in the manners of this Proteus, yet I seemed to have taken a dislike to him which was not to be overcome; and I frequently treated him with a degree of coolness, for which I afterwards condemned myself. Still he paid no particular attention to my daughter; therefore I did not think myself authorized to forbid him my house, particularly as he had previously known Caroline's governess, and they were upon the most intimate terms. I had taken a house at Brighton for three months; but business rendered it necessary for me frequently to go to town; and during one of my excursions, I was seized with a severe cold, which confined me to my bed. Every minute seemed an hour whilst separated from my Caroline; yet the apothecary who attended me, informed me, it would endanger my life to move; and, after having been about ten days in London, I received this identical letter from a friend." Here Mr. Clifton took the following letter from his pocket, and gave it into my hands.

"To GEORGE CLIFTON, Esq.

"My dear Friend,

"Though in a place like this, the news of the day is often *unfounded*, yet it is of a nature to excite alarm; and I feel too sincerely interested in your happiness, not to make you acquainted with a circumstance which I have accidentally heard.

"*Report* tells me, that Miss Clifton is going to be married to a gentleman who spends his whole time at your house, if I may judge by always having found him *there* when I have called upon your daughter, and observing that he is the constant companion of her walks. Chance, about two hours since, threw me into the company of an Irish gentleman. Curiosity, or a better motive, induced me to make some inquiries into the character of your intended son-in-law, when I was horror-struck by hearing that this detestable

detestable adventurer is a *married man*. This secret, my dear friend, was told to me in confidence; with many other transactions of this unprincipled young man, that redound equally to his disgrace. Hasten, then, I intreat you, to the rescue of your charming daughter; or intrust her to my care, and I will immediately conduct her to town.

"The post is going out; I will therefore close my letter, persuaded you have not a single hour to lose. Adieu; believe me ever your devoted friend,

"CHARLES FRENCH."

"Starting out of bed in a state little inferior to madness, I instantly ordered a post-chaise and four; but I had not proceeded more than thirty miles on my journey, when my terror was completed by the sight of my groom. That something terrible had happened, was too certain. So completely agitated were my feelings, that I had scarcely power to stop the man, who was passing the chaise, when the countenance of the faithful creature convinced me that every fear I could form was fatally realized. He put into my hand a letter from the deluded Caroline: the purport of it was to inform me she was going to Gretna Green; but implored my forgiveness for this act of disobedience in the most affectionate terms; lamented that her duty and inclination should have been at warfare; and concluded by saying, that not any thing could have tempted her to a runaway marriage, but a conviction that Dillon's proposals would not have been approved.

"As a young man, Mr. Franklin, you can form but a faint idea of the anguish which a parent endures at finding all his hopes of happiness blasted by the imprudent conduct of the being he adores. That my senses remained entire, I consider as the peculiar mercy of a kind Providence: I waited not to make a single inquiry of my man, but ordered the postillions, instead of going to Brighton, to make the best of their way into the north road. They drove at a rate which, I believe,

I believe, few men have ever travelled, from my promising them a reward which they had never before received; and when I arrived at the place for changing horses, I took my trusty servant into the chaise. From him I learned that my deluded girl set out at four o'clock in the morning, accompanied by her deceiver, and the vile woman under whose care she had been placed, under a pretence of going to Lewes for the purpose of spending the day. My housekeeper, who had lived near twenty years with me, remonstrated with Caroline upon the impropriety of the scheme; but she informed her that she had received my permission, and that I was coming from London, and was to return with her at night. From some accident, this worthy creature did not go into Caroline's apartment until near the breakfast hour, when, upon the dressing-table, she found the letter which I mentioned before. This struck her as something very extraordinary; and she instantly carried it to my friend, Mr. French, who opening it, saw the completion of his apprehensions, and instantly sent my groom express.

"Notwithstanding the speed with which I had travelled, the indissoluble knot was tied; and, villain as he was, I would willingly have relinquished half my fortune, that my ill-fated Caroline had been his wife. But—dreadful reflection!—the abandoned wretch was already married; and my poor girl *ruined*, and *deceived*. Conceive, if possible, what must have been my sensations; for they were such as the power of language never can describe! To rid the world of such a monster, I considered as a duty; and I resolved to pursue him to the farthermost parts of the globe. By bribing *high*, I found they were going over to Ireland, as the villain apprehended that he should be pursued. It, no doubt, was the will of Heaven, that I should not overtake him. For six weeks I passed my whole time in a post-chaise, when at length, exhausted by mental anxiety, and bodily exertion, I was taken dangerously ill at Park-gate.

"Though

"Though life had lost its relish, yet, for the sake of my poor Caroline, I was anxious to be restored to health; and naturally possessing a good constitution, I recovered, to the astonishment of my friend, who being informed by my servant of the deplorable state I was reduced to, instantly set off in the mail-coach. During my confinement, a new idea had struck me. I thought it possible that French's informer had been deceived; and though I was ready to believe that he was an unamiable character, I clung to the hope that he had not another wife. This deceptious hope my kind friend encouraged, until my health was in a great measure restored; but he then informed me that, at Chester, Dillon had left a wife and an infant son.

"*Suspense* was to me more dreadful than *certainty*: I therefore resolved to go to Chester without loss of time; and, although my medical attendant thought me unequal to the fatigue of travelling, I set out for that city on the following day. From the description which French had received from his Hibernian acquaintance, we found little difficulty in discovering the unfortunate young woman's abode; and my heart exulted with inward satisfaction, upon finding she did not go by Dillon's name. The lodging which she inhabited, was in the suburbs of the city. Connel was the appellation by which she was known; and a more lovely and interesting young creature the eyes of man never beheld. From delicacy to her feelings, my friend did not accompany me to her cottage. I found her nursing an infant about fifteen months old. She received me with an air of embarrassment, which convinced me she was little acquainted with the world.

"I have to apologize, Madam, said I, for breaking in upon your retirement; but it is in your power to remove a load of anxiety from my breast. Will you pardon me, then, for inquiring whether a gentleman of the name of Dillon ever attempted to make an impression upon your heart. Her countenance underwent a variety of transitions; but at length it was overspread

overspread with a paleness, at which I was alarmed; and again I apologized for naming a subject which it was too evident gave her the greatest concern.

"After an hesitation of some moments, she inquired whether I was Mr. Dillon's friend. Perhaps, said she, Sir, you can give some information of him, for not a line have I received from him for the last three months. You acknowledge yourself then, Madam, the intimate friend of Mr. Dillon? *Friend!* she exclaimed, in an impassioned tone of voice—Yet this is the mere consequence of this *secrecy*, which I am resolved no longer to keep. Here she burst into a violent flood of weeping; and I found it almost impossible to restrain my tears. Observing how much she had affected me, and how little able I was to bear it, she apologized for yielding to a depression she found it impossible to restrain. If, Sir, said she, you are the *father* of Mr. *Dillon*, I never shall forgive myself for causing you a moment's pain. Amiable young creature! said I, in a voice of sympathy, answer me but one question: Are you, or are you not, Mr. Dillon's wife? When, without speaking, she took the certificate of her marriage from her pocket-book, and put it into my hand.

"If my death-warrant had been given me to *read*, it would not have excited such emotions; every nerve in my body seemed to be unstrung; and it was with difficulty I could avoid calling down curses upon the head of the villain who had ruined the happiness and innocence of my child. To deny being interested in this marriage was impossible, for my countenance would have contradicted my tongue: that I was the father of her husband, she now felt convinced of, and she besought my forgiveness on her knees.

"Without knowing what I did, I raised and embraced her. I assure you, Sir, (said she,) I did not wish to marry without your consent; and I knew it was not likely that a gentleman of your fortune would ever approve of his son's marrying a farmer's girl. From delicacy to her feelings, I did not chuse to undeceive

deceive her; and, after recovering myself a little, inquired where she had first seen Mr. D—; and learnt that he was quartered with his regiment at a short distance from her father's house. With the blush of innate modesty, she candidly informed me, that he had wished to obtain her upon his own terms; and finding he could not gratify his passion, he had offered privately to make her his wife.

"The education of this unfortunate girl had been calculated to her situation. Dillon too soon found that he could make no companion of his wife; possession had completely satiated inclination, and he left her in the state which has been described. Her father died soon after her marriage, and she had not a single friend to espouse her cause; he therefore put her to board with a small farmer at Chester, and paid for herself and infant, forty pounds a year. This man he pretended to make his confidant, and told him, that though she fancied herself his wife, the ceremony had been *forged*, as she was too squeamishly virtuous to consent to his wishes upon any other terms. The farmer, with a brutality too common amongst the uneducated, soon after Dillon had left the country, accused the poor girl of being a w—; and she had spent all the little money he had left her for her pocket, in procuring the certificate which she had shown.

"In spite of the neglect with which he had treated this unfortunate young woman, I discovered that her love, instead of *diminishing*, had rather *increased*; and with tears of anguish, she besought me to assign a reason for the cruel conduct of my son. Not knowing what reply to make, I thought it better to inform her, that the abandoned villain was gone for a short time abroad; and this information seemed to console her, as she said she could bear any thing better than the loss of his heart. Upon taking my leave, I slipped ten pounds into the hands of her infant; and returned to the inn in so wretched a state of mind, that, had

it

it not been for the consoling conversation of my friendly companion, I fear I should have been tempted to commit some desperate deed.

"Upon arriving at my house, I found two letters; one from the vile Dillon, and the other from his supposed wife. The former was to demand the payment of a five thousand pound legacy which had been left by an uncle to my deluded girl. This sum he requested might be paid into the hands of his banker, as the regiment to which he belonged was ordered to the East; and the letter concluded by hoping I should pardon the only act of disobedience in my child. From my poor Caroline's style, I could discover she was not happy. Disobedience seemed to have already received the punishment of the crime; but, what added to the torture of my feelings was, that she had not given me her address.

"I flew to the banker on the wings of impatience, but without obtaining the slightest relief, for he informed me that he had advanced a large sum to Mr. Dillon, who ten days before had actually set sail. From that period until we met at St. Paul's, I never even heard of my darling Caroline: every inquiry I made after her proved vain; for, upon going to the War-Office, for the purpose of inquiring how I was to direct my letters, I found he had sold his commission soon after he arrived. How my senses sustained these accumulated trials is extraordinary; but the Almighty mercifully enables us to support those afflictions he ordains; yet what I suffered was light, when compared to my poor Caroline, whose conscience reproached her with being the cause of her own griefs.

"But it grows late, my dear Sir, (said the worthy Mr. Clifton, at the same time taking out his watch;) I will therefore defer my narrative until to-morrow morning; and if you have no objection to a walk before breakfast, I will then bring it to a close."

(To be continued.)

Account

Account of a curious Custom in AMERICA, *called* *ANNUAL WHITE-WASHINGS.*

BY A GENTLEMAN.

THE peculiar customs of every country appear to strangers singular and absurd; but the inhabitants consider those very customs as highly proper, and even indispensibly necessary. Long habit imposes on the understanding any thing that is not in itself immediately destructive or pernicious. The religion of a country is scarcely held in greater sanctity, than its established customs; and it is almost as fruitless to attempt alterations in the one, as in the other. Any interference of government, to reform national customs, however trivial and absurd, never fails to produce the greatest discontents, and sometimes dangerous convulsions; of this there are frequent instances in history. Bad customs can only be removed by the same means that established them, viz. by imperceptible gradations, and the constant example and influence of the higher class of people. We are apt to conclude that the fashions and customs of our own country are most rational and proper, because the eye and the understanding have long since been reconciled to them: and yet the foreigner will defend his national habits with full as much plausibility as we can our own. The truth is, that reason has very little to do in the matter, and nature less. All customs are arbitrary; and one nation hath as undoubted a right to fix its peculiarities as another. It is in vain to talk of convenience as a standard; for every thing becomes convenient by practice and habit.

I have read somewhere of a nation, in Africa, I think, which is governed by twelve counsellors. When these counsellors are to meet on public business, twelve large earthen jars are set in two rows, and filled with water: the counsellors, one after ano-

ther, enter stark naked, and each leaps into a jar, where he sits up to the chin in water; and when the jars are all filled with counsellors, they proceed to deliberate on the great concerns of the people. This, to be sure, forms a very grotesque idea; but the object is to transact the public business. They have been accustomed to do it in this way, and can do it in no other. To them, therefore, it is rational and convenient. Indeed, if we consider it impartially, there seems to be no reason why a counsellor may not be as wise in an earthen jar as in an elbow chair; or why the good of the people may not be as maturely considered, and as effectually promoted, in the one as in the other.

The established manners of every country, are the standards of propriety with the people who have adopted them; and every nation assumes the right of considering all deviations from their fashions and customs, as barbarisms and absurdities. The Chinese have retained their laws and customs unaltered for ages immemorial; and although they have long had a free intercourse with European nations, and are well acquainted with their improvements in arts and modes of civilization, yet they are so far from being convinced of any superiority in the European manners, that their government takes the most serious precautions to prevent the barbarisms of other nations from taking root amongst them. It employs the utmost vigilance and attention to enjoy the benefits of commerce, and at the same time guard against innovations in the characteristic manners of these people.

Since the discovery of the South Sea Islands, they have been visited by ships from different nations; but the inhabitants have shewn no particular inclination to prefer the dress and manners of foreigners to their own. Previous to the revolution, the Americans were, from their infancy, taught to look up to the English as patterns of perfection in all things. I have observed, however, one custom, which, for aught I know,

know, is peculiar to this country. An account of it may afford some amusement.

When a young couple are about to enter on the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of *white-washing*, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. A young woman would forego the most advantageous connection, and even disappoint the warmest wish of her heart, rather than resign this invaluable right. You will wonder what this privilege of *white-washing* is:—I will endeavour to give you some idea of the ceremony, as I have seen it performed.

There is no season of the year in which a lady may not claim her privilege, if she pleases; but the latter end of May is most generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge by certain prognostics when the storm is nigh at hand. When the lady is unusually fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the nastiness of every thing about her, these are signs which ought not to be neglected. Yet they are not decisive; as they sometimes occur, and go off again, without producing any further effect. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheel-barrow with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets with lime dissolved in water, there is no time to be lost—he immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers or his private property are kept, and putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight. For a husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage: his authority is superseded, his commission is suspended; and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen, becomes of more consideration and importance than him. He has nothing else to do, but to abdicate, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent or mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are in a few minutes stripped of their furniture—paintings, prints, and looking-glasses, lie in huddled heaps about the floors; the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into the windows; chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles, crowd the yard; and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, and ragged breeches. *Here* may be seen the lumber of the kitchen forming a dark and confused mass, for the fore-ground of the picture; gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, spits and pots, joint-stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. *There* a closet has disgorged its bowels, rivetted plates and dishes, halves of China bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, handfuls of old corks, tops of teapots, and stoppers of departed decanters; from the rag-hole in the garret, to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment. In this tempest, the words of *Lear* naturally present, and might, with alteration, be made strictly applicable.

"——————— Let the great Gods,
"That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
"Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch!
"That hast within thee undivulged crimes
"Unwhipt of justice!—"
"——————— Close pent-up guilts,
"Rive your concealing continents, and ask
"These dreadful summoners grace!"

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings of every room and closet with brushes, dipped in a solution of lime, called *white-wash*; to pour buckets of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with rough brushes wet with soap-

soap-suds, and dipped in stone-cutter's sand. The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent-house, at the risk of her neck, and, with a mug in her hand, and a bucket within reach, she dashes away innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of the passengers in the street.

I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of these water nymphs, by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation; but, after long argument, it was determined by the whole court, that the action would not lie, in as much as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences; and so the poor gentleman was doubly non-*suited*; for he lost not only his *suit of clothes*, but his *suit at law*.

These smearings and scratchings, washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremonial is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house-raising, or a ship-launch, when all the hands within reach are collected together—Recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleaning match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to *make things clean*: it matters not how many useful, ornamental or valuable articles are mutilated, or *suffer death, under the operation*: a mahogany chair and carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be *made clean* at all events: but their preservation is *not worthy of attention*. For instance, a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor, smaller prints are piled upon it, until the superincumbent weight cracks the glasses of the lower tier—But this is of no consequence. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, until the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvas of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil

used on this occasion are suffered to leak through, and spoil the engraving—No matter; if the glass is clean, and the frame shines, it is sufficient; the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able arithmetician hath made an accurate calculation, founded on long experience, and discovered, that the losses and destruction incident to two white-washings, are equal to one removal; and three removals, equal to one fire.

The *cleansing frolic* over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance. The storm abates; and all would be well again; but it is impossible that so great a convulsion, in so small a community, should not produce some further effects. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore eyes, or sore throats, occasioned by the caustic quality of the lime; or with severe colds, from the exhalations of wet floors and damp walls.

I know a gentleman here, who is fond of accounting for every thing in a philosophical way. He considers this, which I have called a custom, as a real periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is ingenious and whimsical; but I am not at leisure to give you a detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but, after much study, he conceived he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building, about twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables; and a few prints of the cheapest sort were hung against the walls. His hope was, that when the white-washing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub, and scour, and smear to their heart's content—and so spend the violence of the disease in this out-post, whilst he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation—It was impossible it should, since a principal part of the gratification

fication consists in the lady's having an uncontrouled right to torment her husband at least once in a year, to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

There is a much better contrivance than this of the philosopher's, which is to cover the walls of the house with paper: this is generally done; and though it cannot abolish, it at least shortens the period of female dominion. The paper is decorated with flowers of various fancies, and made so ornamental, that the women have admitted the fashion, without perceiving the design.

There is also another alleviation of the husband's distress—He generally has the privilege of a small room or closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, and stands like the land of Goshen amidst the plagues of Egypt. But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever on his guard. For should he inadvertently go abroad, and leave the key in his door, the house-maid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph with buckets, brooms, and brushes, takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers *to rights*—to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment. For instance—

A gentleman was sued by the executors of a tradesman, on a charge found against him in the deceased's books, to the amount of 30l. The defendant was strongly impressed with an idea that he had discharged the debt, and taken a receipt; but as the transaction was of long standing, he knew not where to find the discharge. The suit went on in course, and the time approached when judgment would be obtained against him. He then sat seriously down to examine a large bundle of old papers, which he had untied, and displayed for the purpose. In the midst of his search, he was suddenly called away on business of importance—He forgot to lock the

door of his room. The house-maid, who had been long looking out for such an opportunity, immediately entered with the usual implements, and, with great alacrity, fell to cleaning the room, and *putting things to rights*. The first object that struck her eye was the confused situation of the papers on the table; these were, without delay, bundled together like so many dirty knives and forks; but in the action, a small piece of paper fell unnoticed on the floor, which happened to be the very receipt in question. As it had no very respectable appearance, it was soon after swept out with the common dirt of the room, and carried in a dirt-pan to the yard. The tradesman had neglected to enter the credit in his book; the defendant could find nothing to obviate the charge, and so judgment went against him for the debt and costs. A fortnight after the whole was settled, and the money paid, one of the children found the receipt amongst the dirt in the yard.

There is also another custom peculiar to the city of Philadelphia, and nearly allied to the former. I mean that of washing the pavement before the doors every Saturday evening. I at first took this to be a regulation of the police; but, on further enquiry, find it is a religious rite, preparatory to the Sabbath; and is, I believe the only religious rite in which the numerous sectaries of this city perfectly agree.

It must be acknowledged, that the ablutions I have mentioned, are attended with no small inconvenience; but the women would not be induced for any consideration to resign their privilege. Notwithstanding this, I can give you the strongest assurances, that the women of America make the most faithful wives, and the most attentive mothers in the world: and I am sure you will join me in opinion, that if a married man is made miserable only for one week in a whole year, he will have no great cause to complain of the matrimonial bond.

F. H.

BREEFE NOTES AND REMEMBRAUNCES.

From SIR JOHN HARINGTON'S *Papers.*

THE Queen did once ask my wife in merry sort, "How she kept my good will and love, which I did always maintain to be truly good towards her and my children?" My Mall, in wise and discreet manner, told her Highness, "She had confidence in her husband's understanding and courage, well founded on her own stedfastness not to offend or thwart, but to cherish and obey: hereby did she persuade her husband of her own affection, and in so doing did command his." "Go to, Go to, mistress, (saith the Queen;) you are wisely bent, I find: after such sort do I keep the good will of all my husbands, my good people; for if they did not rest assured of some special love toward them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience."—This deserveth noting, as being both wise and pleasant.

What perils have I escaped! I was entrusted by Essex, whom I did adventure to visit, with a message to the Queen's Majesty, setting forth his contrition and sore grievance for his many offences. I was right glad to hear such contrition, and laboured to effect this matter; but ere I could bear these tidings, (which I was well advised to do,) the Earl's petition reached her hand.—And I fear her displeasure too; but herein I bore no part. I was much encouraged to go through this friendly part on many sides; but I said, "Charity did begin at home, and should always sail with a fair wind, or it was not likely to be a prosperous voyage." I had nearly been wrecked on the *Essex Coast* in my last venture, as I told the Queen, had it not been for the sweet calm of her special forgiveness. I have heard much on both hands; but the wiser *he* who reporteth nothing hereof.

hereof. Did either know what I know either have said, it would not work much to contentment or good liking.

It resteth with me in opinion, that ambition, thwarted in its career, doth speedily lead to madness: herein I am strengthened by what I learn in my Lord of Essex, who shifteth from sorrow and repentance to rage and rebellion so suddenly, as well proveth him devoid of good reason or right mind. In my last discourse, he uttered strange words, bordering on such strange designs, that made me hasten forth, and leave his presence. Thank heaven! I am safe at home; and if I go in such troubles again, I deserve the gallows, for a meddling fool. His speeches of the Queen becometh no man who hath *mens sana in corpore sano*. He hath ill advisers, and much evil hath sprung from this source. The Queen well knoweth how to humble the haughty spirit: the haughty spirit knoweth not how to yield; and the man's soul beseemeth tossed to and fro, like the waves of a troubled sea.

[Kelston.] 1603. Here now will I rest my troubled mind, and tend my sheep like an Arcadian swain, that hath lost his fair mistress; for in sooth I have lost the best and fairest love that ever shepherd knew, even my gracious Queen; and sith my good mistress is gone, I shall not hastily put forth for a new master. I hear our new king hath hanged one man before he was tried; 'tis strangely done: now if the wind bloweth thus, why may not a man be tried before he hath offended?—I will keep company with none but my *oves* and *boves*, and go to Bath, and drink sack, and wash away remembrance of past times in the streams of Lethe.

I hear much (by private means) of strange plots by Cobham, Grey, Raleigh, and others. I have not concerns of this sort, save that my man Ralph hath stolen

stolen two cheeses from my dairy-house ;—I wish he were choked therewith! and yet the fellow hath five children: I will not sue him, if he repenteth and amendeth.

Many letters from the court at Wilton, persuade me to come thereto, and some special notices from some persons in high state.

My poor cousin, Sir Griffith Markam, prayeth my service in his behalf with the King, concerning his imprisonment.

I must write my news to my poor wife. The Bishop came to the King about the petition of the Puritans; I was by, and heard much discourse. The King talked much Latin, and disputed much with Dr. Reynolds, at Hampton; but he rather used upbraidings than argument; and told the petitioners, that they wanted to strip Christ again, and bid them away with their snivelling. Moreover he wished those who would take away the surplice, might want linen for their own breech. The Bishops seemed much pleased, and said, his Majesty spoke by the power of inspiration. I wist not what they mean; but the spirit was rather foul-mouthed. I cannot be present at the next meeting; though the Bishop of London said, I might be in the anti-chamber. It seemeth the King will not change the religious observances. There was much discourse about the ring in marriage, and the cross in baptism; but if I guess aright, the petitioners against *one cròss* will find *another*.

I this day heard the King deliver his speech to the Commons and Lords, and noted one part thereof, wherein his Majesty called the devil "*a busy bishop*, sparing neither labor nor pains." My Lord of London told me, "He thought his Majesty might have chosen another name."

To

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

TO detect fraud, and expose falsehood, I have always considered as the indispensible duty of those who possess intelligent minds; and there is a species of imposition which seems to be extending its baneful influence, to the destruction of the constitution, and to the extermination even of life. By the term *constitution*, I do not mean to direct your attention to the *body politic*; but to that corporeal tendency to *health*, or *sickness*, which is attached to our frame; and though these may, in great measure, depend upon our own prudence and precaution, yet many physicians are of opinion, that a propensity to disease is implanted even before we come into the world.

Pain and disappointment are the lot of human nature; but how despicable is the being who wantonly increases their growth, and who, for the sake of amassing a hoard of treasures, augments those infirmities which he professes to cure! If we were to credit the assertions of those empirics with which unfortunately this country abounds, we might not only set pain and anguish at defiance, but even fancy that the golden age was returned, and life itself extended to as long a period as it was in the primeval ages of the world. It is impossible, Mr. Editor, to pass through a single street in the metropolis, without the eye being shocked with those *seed-shops* of *disease*, from whence, I am persuaded, proceed more serious evils, than ever issued from Pandora's box.

At a moment when the country is called to bear an extraordinary weight of taxes, might not an additional one be laid upon the sale of quack medicines, that would be attended with the most beneficial effect? Suppose even that every advertisement which proclaimed the sale of these vile nostrums, was compelled

pelled to pay a double price. Government would either derive an advantage from it; or, by contracting the focus of circulation, it would produce a universal benefit to mankind. Was I, Mr. Editor, placed at the head of administration, every three-halfpenny stamp should be increased to six times the sum; and the higher ones should be augmented in the same proportion; by which, I am inclined to think, near a million of money would be annually raised.

It is impossible to describe the indignation which is excited by the pompous hand-bills which my eyes continually meet, proclaiming a cure for every disorder by which the human body is afflicted: but, credulous as are the people of England, they certainly are equalled by those of France. In the year 1767, I happened to be at Paris, when Messmer, that prince of impostors, first displayed his juggling tricks, and pretended, by the power of animal magnetism, to cure every species of disease. That the uninformed, and uninstructed, should be seduced by the professional promises of an advertisement, which proclaims strength to the debilitated, and health to the diseased, is a circumstance which does not strike us with astonishment, although we cannot help deploring the effect: but the infatuation actually extends to the enlightened. It is not *ignorance* alone which becomes the victim of intrigue, for quackery seems to stretch her enchanting influence over the minds of those whom it appears impossible should be easily deceived. The advertisement by which Messmer attracted the attention of the Parisians, is, perhaps, one of the most impudent compositions that ever was produced; and as it may point out to your readers the folly of attending to similar kinds of productions, I shall transcribe it for them and you to peruse.

"Behold a discovery which promises advantages unspeakable to the human race! Behold the dawn of an universal revolution! A new race of men shall

arise, and overspread the earth, to embellish it by their virtues, and render it fertile by their industry! Neither vice or ignorance shall stop their active career: calamity will only be known by the records of history, and immortal fame shall attend the discoverer of this glorious design! The prolonged duration of life will enable mankind to plan and accomplish the most laudable undertakings. The tranquil, the innocent gratifications of that primeval age will be restored, wherein man laboured without toil, lived without sorrow, and expired without a groan! Mothers will no longer be subject to pain and danger during their pregnancy and child-birth; their progeny will be more brave and robust; Education's now rough and difficult task will be made smooth and easy, and a stop will be put to all hereditary complaints. Parents will impart to their children, the activity, energy, graceful limbs, and demeanour, of those who existed in the primitive ages of the world. Fathers, rejoicing, will live to see their posterity to the fourth and fifth generations, and will only drop off like ripe fruit at the extreme point of old age! Animals and plants, no less susceptible of receiving the astonishing effects of animal magnetism, will be exempt from the reproach of barrenness, and the ravages of disease. The flocks in the fields, and the plants in the gardens, will be more vigorous and nourishing; and the trees will produce more beautiful and more luscious fruits. The human mind, once gifted with the enjoyment of this elementary power, will, perhaps, rise to still more sublime and astonishing effects. Who, indeed, is able to pronounce with certainty, to what salutary influence this discovery may extend?"

The effect produced by this insult to the understanding, was past conception. Nervous and hypochondriac patients flocked to him from every quarter; and the French government was so far imposed upon by the accounts which they received of this wonderful discovery,

discovery, as to offer him thirty thousand livres for the communication of his art.

Great and, I may say, *dreadful*, as has been the encouragement which these devastating impostors have met with in this country, yet it has not been equal to that which Messmer received. This, perhaps, is to be ascribed to their possessing a less portion of impudence; for I do not recollect having seen any of their specious promises that have been equal to his.

You will, perhaps, Mr. Editor, be inclined to think, that I have treated the subject with a degree of severity, which rather betrays a *prejudiced* than a calm, investigating mind; but the evils which we sorely feel, we can seldom speak of with composure, particularly if they are such as to embitter the happiness of our lives. To the ignorance of one of these artful impostors, have I reason to ascribe the greatest misfortune mankind can sustain; for to the baneful influence of an advertised nostrum, I attribute the death of an ever-to-be-lamented friend! Theodosius brought into the world the seeds of a disorder which was beyond the art of medicine to remove; though by the skilful care of a family physician, it was prevented from acquiring an alarming height. The newspapers unfortunately proclaimed a cure for this constitutional malady; Theodosius perused it with inexpressible delight, and, in spite of all my remonstrances, set off for London on the following day. I beheld his departure with those foreboding apprehensions, which frequently overspread the mind as harbingers of ill, even when we cannot assign a reason why we should feel any sensation of dread. Ominous, however, they proved in the present instance: an express summoned me to the metropolis in the course of ten days; when I beheld — Oh! sight never to be forgotten!— the friend of my youth hastening rapidly to the grave! "Oh, my friend!" said he, as I approached

the couch on which he was supported, "What anguish have I endured from not following thy advice! my very vitals are parched up; I have suffered tortures inconceivable; and I must pay for my credulity, by the forfeiture of my life!"

I ran, or rather *flew*, to the house of this vile empiric, who had eluded my vengeance by absenting himself from town; for, having heard that the bosom friend of his dying patient was sent for, he dreaded to encounter the reproaches he deserved. I instantly summoned two physicians of the greatest eminence; but, alas! without the slightest effect; the noxious nostrum, which had been administered, was so injurious to the disorder under which he laboured, that it actually proved a warrant for his death. Grief, and resentment, gave fluency to my utterance; I vowed that my vengeance should pursue the object of my indignation to the farthest extremity of the world: but Theodosius, amidst all the torture of his sufferings, displayed the calm forgiveness of a truly Christian mind. "Vengeance, my friend, (said he, stretching out his burning hand towards me,) only belongeth to the Most High; and if you wish not to disturb the tranquillity of my dying moments, you must promise me not to persecute the destroyer of my life. *Ignorance* is the only fault with which you can charge him. He, poor wretch, will derive no advantage from my death; and though his medicine has proved inimical to a constitutional malady, in all probability, he has restored many of his fellow-creatures to health. I am of opinion that the life of every man is measured by the hand of that Omnipotent Being by whom it is bestowed; and if my days had not been shortened by injudicious treatment, accident, you will allow, might have brought them to a close!"

Thus the friend and companion of my youth pleaded; and I promised implicitly to comply with his desire: but though I forbear to mention the name

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of his destroyer, I consider it as a duty which I owe society, to proclaim his fate. The affliction under which I labour, is not merely of a private nature. Theodosius was the benevolent friend of mankind; he wiped the tears from the eyes of the children of misfortune, and decked the orphan's face with smiles. His bounty did not merely flow in a restricted current, but, like drops of rain, nurtured the whole earth; and the wretched in him would have found a consoler, if they came from the farthermost corners of the globe.

I flatter myself, Mr. Editor, that, through the channel of your intelligent publication, the credulous may be cautioned by Theodosius's unhappy fate, and no longer become the dupes of artful imposition, to the detriment of the regular practitioner, and the injury of their health.

Sept. 1804. ADOLPHUS.

OBSERVATIONS

Upon the Danger which arises from suffering Children to acquire bad Habits at an early period of Life.

THAT we are as much the creatures of *habit* as of *nature*, is a truth which daily experience proves: it therefore becomes the essential duty of a parent, to be particularly attentive to her offspring whilst young. Mr. Locke, in his Treatise upon the Human Understanding, asserts, that the important business of education ought to commence at the age of six months; declaring, that the infant at that early period begins to be sensible of the distinction between *right* and *wrong*.

Not that it is to be supposed the child has clear ideas, but it will know the difference between a *soft* and an *angry* tone of voice; and will display a thousand symptoms of petulance and ill-humour, if thwarted in its wishes, or taken from its nurse. Upon

those occasions, surely, the anxious mother must feel it a duty to smother the sparks of anger before they burst into a flame; and this, I am persuaded, may be accomplished without difficulty, by a displeased countenance, and a reproving tone of voice.

The child who is accustomed to have all his little wishes gratified the moment he chuses to utter a scream, will have to thank his parents for laying the foundation of *passions*, which will at once prove a misery and misfortune to him through life. How many days of inquietude, how many nights of contrition, is the breast which is swelled with impetuous passions destined to endure! and how much reason has the being whose mind is agitated by contending emotions, to condemn those who did not endeavour to subdue them when he was young!

If maternal fondness points out the necessity of attending to the bodily health of an infant, ought it not to enforce the duty of being still more watchful to guard against the *diseases* of the *mind?* The infirmities of the one may be removed by the aid of a little medicine, but the other proves a source of unhappiness through the whole of his existence. Next to the necessity of correcting every little petulance in her offspring, is the duty of providing him with a proper nurse; not only one who is capable of watching over him with tenderness, but from whom no bad habits or propensities can be learned.

Imitation is the first symptom of *sense* displayed by an infant: with what facility will a child of eight or ten months old imitate sounds! and as they advance in age, the very *look*, and *gesture*, is as much copied by the little mimic, as words. How many men, of exalted understandings, have attributed unconquerable impressions to the injudicious treatment of a nurse! Fear, in particular, is a passion which even *reason* cannot conquer, although the judgment must disapprove.

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The age, it must be owned, certainly is enlightened respecting the treatment and education of children; yet much is to be done; many abuses are to be rectified, before we can expect to see proper pains bestowed upon the cultivation of the mind. The evil to be deplored is, that the generality of parents begin the task of education too late; the child is suffered to contract a variety of improper habits, until they actually become naturalized; and to cure them, it is necessary to call in the aid of correction, or time will inevitably strengthen their growth.

I have been led into these reflections, by an account in the Philosophical Transactions which I have just perused, and which I shall transcribe for the meditation of my readers, though not exactly in Doctor Garden's words.

"At Strathbogie, near Aberdeen, there is a man of the name of Donald Monro, who excites the observation of the curious and discerning, by an infirmity under which he has laboured from a child; and this is, a propensity to imitate whatever he sees another person do. He is so much embarrassed by this unconquerable impulse, that, when walking in the streets, he always directs his eyes to the ground, to prevent him imitating the action of any person whom he might by accident meet. Doctor Garden, the gentleman who transmitted the account to the Philosophical Society, invited this singular being to his house, for the purpose of discovering whether this imitative faculty was occasioned by the power of habit, or was an irritable affection of the nerves. The Doctor had invited several professional gentlemen of his acquaintance to make observations upon this extraordinary case, and the man had been some time in their company before he discovered their design. He had gaped, wrung his hands, blown his nose, and a variety of other movements, previous to his perceiving what were their views; and when he found out that he was a subject of observation, it was

with the utmost difficulty he could be persuaded to stay. By earnest intreaty, however, he not only consented, but permitted Doctor Garden to confine his hands, whilst one of the other gentlemen were making motions, and during that time he actually appeared convulsed. Upon being asked the effect which was produced by his being restricted from *imitation*, he replied, 'that it vexed his heart, and pained his brain.'

"I shall leave it to the consideration of the enlightened (observes the Doctor) to discover what peculiar crasis of spirits, or distemper of imagination, is the cause of these astonishing effects; yet will ask, whether the nurse of this man, might not have accustomed him, during infancy, to imitate the actions of persons whom he happened to associate with? and whether this habit, acquired at that early period, might not have had some influence in moulding the texture of the brain, and directing the course of the animal spirits, so as to render that *habitual*, which folly and inattention had acquired."

This, doubtless, is a question which warmly interests every parent, and proves the necessity of paying the strictest attention to the habits of a child; for what must be the feelings of a mother, who thought that, through her carelessness and indifference, she had done an irreparable injury to the being to whom she had given birth! That a peculiar Providence guards the period of childhood, a thousand instances might be brought to prove; and to this conviction, perhaps, may be attributed the number of fashionable females who are deficient in maternal love. But, amidst the catalogue of human duties, the parental one is the strongest. The very brute creation afford a lesson to mankind: the feathered songsters of the wood will pluck the down from their own bosoms, to line the cradle in which they are to nurture their brood!

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If instinct teaches the irrational creation, to guard, to nurture, and protect, their young, how can we account for a being who is endowed with *reason*, ever being deficient in care, and maternal solicitude? The affection which I mean to recommend to parents, does not merely consist in fondly indulging a child, but in forming its mind, and instilling those virtuous principles, which will be likely to insure its happiness both in this world, and the next. Though my observations upon the subject of parental duties have been chiefly directed towards females, yet I consider the other sex bound to fulfil them in as eminent a degree; but as the habits of a child are generally formed whilst under the peculiar tuition of its *mother*, she has the greater power of giving a proper bias to the mind.

How many great characters, both in ancient and modern history, have gratefully ascribed the expansive power of their intellects, to the judicious conduct of *her* from whom they derived their birth; and have acknowledged, that from their mother having put their reasoning faculties into motion, arose those reflections, and discoveries, which have enlightened the world! How sweetly gratifying to a mind of sensibility, must be the mere reflection of thus becoming instrumental to the good of mankind! and such pleasures are within the power of every mother who is capable of improving the mental faculties of her child.

I do not mean to say that every mother has the power of conferring *genius* on her offspring, but she certainly may lay a foundation for their becoming *virtuous* and *respectable;* and this is only to be done by an early subjection of their passions, teaching them that the world was not made for *them;* and that there are indispensible duties to be performed, in order to become dignified and respectable.

EXHORTATION

EXHORTATIONS
OF A
MEXICAN MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY daughter, born of my substance, brought forth with my pains, and nourished with my milk, I have endeavoured to bring thee up with the greatest possible care; and thy father has wrought and polished thee like an emerald, that thou mayest appear in the eyes of men a jewel of virtue. Strive always to be good; for otherwise who will have thee for a wife? Thou wilt be rejected by every one. Life is a thorny, laborious path; and it is necessary to exert all our powers to obtain the goods which the gods are willing to yield to us; we must not therefore be lazy or negligent, but diligent in every thing. Be orderly, and take pains to manage the economy of thy house. Give water to thy husband for his hands, and make bread for thy family. Wherever thou goest, go with modesty and composure, without hurrying thy steps, or laughing with those whom thou meetest; neither fixing thy looks upon them, nor casting thy eyes thoughtlessly, first to one side, and then to another, that thy reputation may not be sullied; but give a courteous answer to those who salute, and put any question to thee.

Employ thyself diligently in spinning and weaving, in sewing and embroidering; for by these arts thou wilt gain esteem, and all the necessaries of food and cloathing. Do not give thyself too much to sleep; nor seek the shade, but go in the open air, and there repose thyself; for effeminacy brings along with it, idleness, and other vices.

In whatever thou doest, encourage not evil thoughts; but attend solely to the service of the gods, and the giving comfort to thy parents. If thy father or thy mother call thee, do not stay to be called twice; but

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go instantly to know their pleasure, that thou mayest not disoblige them by slowness. Return no insolent answers, nor shew any want of compliance; but if thou canst not do what they command, make a modest excuse. If another is called, and do not come quickly, come thou; hear what is ordered, and do it well. Never offer thyself to do that which thou canst not do. Deceive no person, for the gods see all thy actions. Live in peace with every body; and love every one sincerely and honestly, that thou mayest be beloved by them in return.

Be not greedy of the goods which thou hast. If thou seest any thing presented to another, give way to no mean suspicions; for the gods, to whom every good belongs, distribute every thing as they please. If thou wouldst avoid the displeasure of others, let none meet with it from thee.

Guard against improper familiarities with men, nor yield to the guilty wishes of thy heart, or thou wilt be the reproach of thy family, and will pollute thy mind as mud does water. Keep not company with dissolute, lying, or idle women, otherwise they will infallibly infect thee by their example. Attend upon thy family; and do not go on slight occasions out of thy house, nor be seen wandering through the streets, or in the market-place; for in such places thou wilt meet thy ruin. Remember that vice, like a poisonous herb, brings death to those who taste it; and when it once harbours in the mind, it is difficult to expel it. If, in passing through the streets, thou meetest with a forward youth, who appears agreeable to thee, give him no correspondence, but dissemble, and pass on. If he say any thing to thee, take no heed of him nor his words; and if he follow thee, turn not your face about to look at him, lest that might inflame his passion more. If thou behavest so, he will soon turn, and let thee proceed in peace.

Enter not, without some urgent motive, into another's house, that nothing may be either said or thought

thought injurious to thy honour: but if thou enterest into the house of thy relations, salute them with respect; and do not remain idle, but immediately take up a spindle to spin, or to do any other thing that occurs.

When thou art married, respect thy husband, obey him, and diligently do what he commands thee. Avoid incurring his displeasure, nor shew thyself passionate or ill-natured; but receive him fondly to thy arms, even if he be poor, and live at thy expence. If thy husband occasions thee any disgust, let him not know thy displeasure when he commands thee to do any thing; but dissemble it at that time, and afterwards tell him with gentleness what vexed thee, that he may be won by thy mildness, and offend thee no farther. Dishonour him not before others, for thou also wouldst be dishonoured. If any one come to visit thy husband, accept the visit kindly, and shew all the civility thou canst. If thy husband be foolish, be thou discreet. If he fail in the management of wealth, admonish him of his failings; but if he be totally incapable of taking care of his estate, take that charge upon thyself; attend carefully to his possessions, and never omit to pay the workmen punctually. Take care not to lose any thing through negligence.

Embrace, my daughter, the counsel which I give thee. I am already advanced in life, and have had sufficient dealings with the world. I am thy mother; I wish that thou mayest live well. Fix my precept in thy heart and *bowels;* for then thou wilt live happy. If, by not listening to me, or by neglecting my instructions, any misfortunes befal thee, the fault will be thine, and the evil also. Enough, my child. May the gods prosper thee!

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

White Willow Hat, Lilac Crown, turned up in the Front with the same, ornamented with a Wreath of Flowers. A Cambric Walking Dress; down the Middle, and round the Bottom, trimmed with a narrow Flounce. A Muslin Petticoat, trimmed with Lace; and Work Net Cloak, of various Colours, trimmed with a deep knotted Fringe. Kid Gloves.

FULL DRESS.

Head fashionably dressed, with ornamental Hair; Gold Comb. A round Dress of plain White Muslin, made short in Front, with a long Train round the Bottom of the Dress, bound with Blue Ribbon, and trimmed with a deep Lace. Blue Sash. Full Sleeves, looped up on the Top of the Arm, and ornamented with full Lace Tucker. Buff Gloves.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE. *Sept.* 15.

DRURY-Lane, as the elder of the two theatres, commenced the campaign to-night, with *The Soldier's Daughter*, in which Mrs. JORDAN, strongly entrenched in the favour and esteem of the public, acted a brilliant part in the character of the *Widow Cheerly*. This favourite of *Thalia* was most rapturously greeted upon her *entrée*. She was dressed in a pink muslin robe, with very elegant silver drapery, and a lace veil thrown carelessly over her hair. She looked divinely, and never played with more spirit.

Messrs. BANNISTER, POWELL, and COLLINS, also received the most flattering testimonies of public approbation upon their respective entrances. The substitution of Mrs. H. JOHNSTONE for Mrs. YOUNG, in the character of *Mrs. Malfort*, was the only change in the cast of parts.

At the conclusion of the play, Mr. RUSSEL came forward, and addressed the audience:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I am exceedingly sorry to come before you with an apology on the first evening of our performance. Mr. JOHNSTONE has been seized with a very severe and sudden indisposition, that it is impossible he can have the honour of appearing before you in the Farce, *(The Irishman in London.)* This circumstance was not known in sufficient time to be noticed in the bills of the day; but hand-bills have been since distributed to that effect. Mr. CHERRY, at a very short notice, has undertaken to perform the part of *Murtoch Delany;* and Mr. PURSER, in similar circumstances, will attempt *Frost*, the part of Mr. CHERRY. Both these gentlemen hope for your wonted liberality and indulgence."

This apology was well received, and the piece went off with *eclat*.

It is usually expected, that the opening of a Theatre should bring with it new embellishments. In the

the case of this Theatre, the liberality and taste of the Proprietors had left no room for judicious alteration. There was every thing to preserve, but nothing to improve, before the curtain. The only improvements wanted, are such as do not meet the eye, but are not therefore the less important: they are exclusively confined to internal convenience and accommodation. A scene room has been annexed, in which the scenes used in every new piece are regularly deposited in such order, as to prevent all confusion when they may again be called for. A new entrance, adjoining the door at which Their Majesties enter, is also made to the private boxes, which will obviate the confusion hitherto so frequently complained of, while it must add considerably to the convenience and comfort of the subscribers. An additional green-room has also been provided for the inferior description of performers. The passage leading to Their Majesties apartment is to be new painted in green, and many additional embellishments are to be made in the apartment itself.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Sept. 18.

THIS elegant house opened to-night, with the popular Comedy of *John Bull,* and the Farce of *The Farmer*. Mr. LEWIS, Mr. EMERY, Mr. BLANCHARD, &c. were received upon their several entrances with the most unbounded applause. The part of *Dennis Brulgruddery* was sustained with much spirit and humour by Mr. ROCK. First impressions are, however, always strongest, and, perhaps, it may be owing to this circumstance that he seemed inferior to Mr. JOHNSTONE. The house looked very brilliant, though it has not received any new embellishments. Indeed, no expence has been hitherto spared to make it complete in elegance and convenience. It was, therefore, only necessary to refresh the colours, and to restore them to their original brilliancy.

HAY-MARKET.

Sept. 15.

THIS Theatre closed to-night with the Play of *The Mountaineers*, and the Musical Farce of *The Gay Deceivers*. The play finished without the appearance of *Sadi* and *Agnes*, in the last scene, at which some of the audience expressed their disapprobation by hisses. The cause of this omission was explained by Mr. ELLISTON, who came forward when the curtain fell, and addressed the House nearly as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"For the last time I address you on the subject of the performance at this Theatre, which, we must gratefully feel, has always been honoured throughout the season with your protection. In the last scene of the play this night, the part of *Sadi* has been unavoidably omitted, as Mr. DE CAMP was obliged to attend his engagement at Drury-Lane Theatre; and to this, I believe, I may impute that partial disapprobation which I have just heard; the circumstance might have been glossed over, but we always prefer speaking the truth. Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. was also obliged to attend his engagement at the same Theatre; but is expected every moment to take his part in the after-piece. I have now to address you upon another subject, and to offer you a tribute of gratitude on the part of the Proprietor.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the Proprietor and Manager of this Theatre has deputed me to offer his most cordial and sincere thanks for the patronage you have so amply bestowed during a season which terminates this evening.

"It is difficult, perhaps, to vary the expressions of gratitude which your favour has so repeatedly excited; but he desires me to assure you, that he trusts his future exertions will merit a continuance of your patronage.

"The Performers, Ladies and Gentlemen, join with me in acknowledging the fullest force of your liberality and support; and we most respectfully, most gratefully, and most affectionately, bid you farewell."

THE

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

Letters from France in 1802. *By Henry Redhead Yorke, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo.*

We have perused this work not only with pleasure and amusement, but with advantage; for Mr. Yorke has brought together a vast number of important facts, and his reflections upon them are always vigorous and apposite. He writes boldly, but it is the boldness of truth; and we consider his letters as containing the most genuine and rational account of modern France hitherto published.

Universal Magazine.

Good Tidings; or, News from the Farm. A Poem. By Robert Bloomfield, Author of the Farmer's Boy, &c. 4to. pp. 37. *2s. 6d.*

We cannot commence this article without exposing a measure of vanity and pride, which it would be hypocrisy to conceal, but which it is by no means dishonourable to confess. We were the first to approve of Mr. Bloomfield's effusions, when in MS. and to promote their publication. We have since watched over him, and seen his success equal, nay exceed, our fondest hopes; and it is our delight to know that, notwithstanding the powerful fumes arising from the incense perpetually burning to him, which might well make giddy the strongest head, he is not forgetful of the humble instruments of his present renown.

It is the property of genius to create; therefore, no soil exists so steril as to leave us without hopes of fruit, when committed to the care of such a labourer. Nothing but this persuasion could have made the prospect cheerful, when we took up this work of our poet, which has for its subject Dr. Jenner's invaluable discovery of *the Vaccine Inoculation.* Barren, and almost frightful as this field appears, the spirit of poetry no sooner breathed upon it, than it became luxuriantly fertile in all the fairest flowers and richest produce of the imagination.

If it be not false of misfortunes, that

He best can paint them, who shall feel them most,

few have ever been called to a task who were so well qualified, in this respect, as Mr. B. on the present occasion, since there are not

many who have his cause to lament the ravages which the "*human face divine*" has suffered from this ruthless disease.

In this delightful labour of his Muse, Mr. Bloomfield has received no assistance from either his worthy and best friend, Mr. Lofft, or Dr. Jenner, but has depended entirely on himself for the notes subjoined, which are selected from Woodville on Inoculation.

Whatever the flowers of poetry could do to promote science, has now been done, and our poet has added another unfading wreath to those which he has before so deservedly obtained.

Monthly Mirror.

Henrietta Bellman; or, the New Family Picture. A Novel. By Augustus la Fontaine. In 2 Vols.

This novel is the production of Augustus la Fontaine, the author who has lately furnished Mr. Dibdin with the plot to his ingenious and lively comedy, intitled "*Guilty or Not Guilty.*" The work before us has considerable merit, and exhibits such a pleasing and affectionate picture, in a variety of well-wrought scenes, and characters ably drawn, as secure the attention and delight the feelings of the reader to the end. *Monthly Mirror.*

The Citizen's Daughter; or, What might be. 8*vo. pp.* 284.

There is much good sense and truth in these observations; and the writer has boldly and wisely ventured to pursue the middle path of human life, and neither soared to heaven in search of angels and blessed spirits, nor plunged into hell, and ransacked the infernal regions, for devils ready horn'd and hoof'd, for fiends of night, or "goblins damn'd." On earth there is vice enough, the description of which would fill the soul with horror; and we are so charitable as to believe that there is also to be found, in some recesses, made holy by innocence and humility, a sufficient portion of virtue to cheer the hearts of the good with exultation, reverence, and love. Our author appears to have been of the same opinion, and has produced a work that seldom steps beyond the modesty of Nature, and is replete with incident, character and pleasantry.

Monthly Mirror.

Antiquities of the Inns of Court and Chancery, containing historical and descriptive Sketches relative to their original Foundation, Customs, Ceremonies, Buildings, Government, &c. &c. with a concise History of the English Law. By W. Herbert. 1 *Vol. Crown* 8*vo. pp.* 377. 25*s.* 4*to.* 2*l.* 2*s.*

This work is presented to the public as a compendium of valuable rather than original information. In its composition, the author honestly confesses that he has freely availed himself of what was before written on the subject, and that the greater part of his materials

materials has been extracted from the well-known and justly-esteemed performance of Sir William Dugdale, published in folio in 1666, 1667, and 1680, under the title of "*Origines Juridiciales.*"

These *Antiquities* are embellished with four-and-twenty plates, which exhibit very pleasing and correct delineations of the different Inns, both in the interior and on the outside. They add greatly to the value of this estimable production.

Monthly Mirror.

The Letters of Gessner and his Family. From the German, 8vo. 248.

These familiar epistles of a family were written between 1784 and 1788, during the time that C. Gessner was travelling through Germany, for the purpose of studying the best masters in painting. His first letter is from Munich to his father, resident at Zurich, and in this and in all the others which came from him, he describes the progress of his studies, and observes on the merits and demerits of the various pictures that came under his view. Good sense, simplicity, and affection, seem to be the character of this correspondence, which is terminated by the death of the father, the ingenious and amiable Gessner. This event is announced to our young traveller by his brother, in a letter dated March 5, 1788. On the 2d of March, in consequence of an apoplectic fit, he died. "His death," says H. Gessner, "was like his life, gentle and serene, without pain, or at least without convulsion or agony."

Monthly Mirror.

The Duchess de la Valliere, an Historical Romance. By Madame de Genlis. Translated from the French. In two Vols.

Any account of this celebrated and interesting favourite of Lewis the Fourteenth must have proved acceptable; but when attended by so many other attractions as it assumes in its present form, it becomes, in the greatest degree, pleasing and desirable.

It has been observed by the Duke de Saint Simon, "that Madame de la Valliere was modest, disinterested, and uniformly benevolent. She continually combated against herself; and, at last, proving victorious, fled from the court, to consecrate the remainder of her days to the most rigid and exemplary penitence."

All these feelings are admirably pourtrayed by Madame de Genlis, and, with other matters of fact, combined with her lively inventions, a work has been produced which will afford no very imperfect knowledge of the gallantry of the voluptuous court of Lewis the XIVth, at the same time that it offers all the amusement of those numerous volumes which have no truth to recommend them.

Monthly Mirror.

Strictures on the Necessity of inviolably maintaining the Navigation and Colonial System of Great Britain. By Lord Sheffield.

We have extended our view of this valuable pamphlet, as well on account of the subject discussed, as of the excellence of the discussion. The work has already excited great attention, and has drawn forth the public thanks of some respectable meetings of merchants and others. But it merits the thanks of the nation—and while so many of the pamphlets we are called on to review, are little more than the *tenues sine viribus umbras*, we rejoice to be able to give our most unqualified approbation to the "Strictures" before us. *Monthly Mirror.*

The Lives of the Scotish Poets; with Preliminary Dissertations on the Literary History of Scotland, and the early Scotish Drama. By David Irving, A. M. in two Volumes, 8vo. 18s.

This work is honourable to the author and to his country: to the author, as a man of learning, industry, and candour; to his country, as a more intelligent digest of its poetical and literary history than had before been drawn together. *Monthly Mirror.*

The Life and Posthumous Writings of William Cowper, Esq. with an introductory Letter to the Right Honourable Earl Cowper. By William Hayley, Esq. Vol. III. 4to. pp. 416. 1l. 1s. Boards.

"More last words" are rarely the best words of a posthumous author; and it has often happened that an injudicious editor, by draining his favourite to the very dregs, has made admiration terminate in something not unlike disgust: but not so Mr. Hayley with his friend Cowper, whose genius flows with equal spirit and clearness to the last. Never was the life of a recluse rendered so full of entertainment to his friends, as that of Cowper. Though he speaks of himself as 'living in a vinegar-bottle,' and as occupied with the most trivial employments, he contrives, by the use which he makes of them, by the ease of his style, by his natural and playful descriptions, and by the reflections of a fertile mind, to excite an interest not inferior to that which we feel in perusing the lives of men who have passed through the most busy and agitating scenes.

What imagination can be so dull, after having read these letters, as not to view the poet in his parlour, garden, and green-house; not to behold him in the act of writing, and in that of reading aloud to the ladies, or in the humbler employments of feeding his birds and his tame hares, winding thread, working in the garden, and even mending the kitchen windows? Cowper's *forte* was let-

ter-

ter-writing; and he has himself so minutely detailed his avocations and his thoughts, that, without intending it, he became his own biographer. The office of the editor, therefore, as far as this object is concerned, is only that of collecting the communications which the poet made to his friends, and of chronologically arranging them. The objection may be urged against an exhibition of this kind, that it displays perpetual egotism: but this is unavoidable from the very circumstances of the case; and, as the public must be aware that it is a peep behind the curtain with which they were not originally to be indulged, they will be rather inclined to thank the editor than to demand an apology for his conduct. *Monthly Review.*

The Swiss Emigrants; A Tale. 12*mo. pp.* 126. 4*s. Boards.*

The object of this well-told tale is at once to set forth the happiness which may be derived from the practice of beneficence in an humble and obscure sphere, and to exhibit a moving picture of the misery of which war is productive. The author does not favour us with the name of his hero, and therefore in speaking of him we shall denominate him *Ignotus*. We learn that this personage had spent his younger days in the army: that, on quitting the service, he married; and that the lovely partner of his joys lived only long enough to present him with a daughter. About the same time, misfortunes of another kind overtake him, which leave him so much reduced in circumstances, as not to be able to support the rank in which he had before appeared. He therefore quits the gaiety of a town life, and retires to Langen, a romantic village in the mountainous parts of the Canton of Berne; where, living on a competence, he employs himself in ameliorating the condition of its rude inhabitants, and in educating his child. His efforts are long attended with little success, but still he perseveres. In time, Julia grows up, beautiful and accomplished, and is adored by the villagers. Under her fostering hand, the seeds sown by her father are rapidly matured. None resist the admonitions of Julia; the manners of the rustics are softened, their morals are improved, their comforts are increased, they become superior and happier beings. Meiners, a promising youth, living in a neighbouring town, ha... long visited in the family of *Ignotus*, who respected and loved him; and he at length declares himself the admirer of Julia. The match is approved on all sides: but at the meeting in which the period for the union of the lovers was fixed, the rumour of an approaching rupture between Helvetia and France is announced, and diffuses a temporary gloom over each countenance; though time, and a willing scepticism, concur to dissipate the alarm. Shortly afterward, Meiners re-appears, and confirms the sad intelligence, adding that hostilities had actually begun. Not a moment was now to be lost. The Langenites obey the call of *Ignotus;* under whose command, accompanied by Meiners, they set out

out for the field of honour. The tender-hearted Julia bids a heavy farewell to her parent and her lover: but she acts on the trying occasion in a manner worthy of herself, and submits with alacrity to the cruel separation which distracts her soul. The Langenites join the Bernese army just in time to engage in the bloody action that was to decide the fate of their common country; and the ingenuousness and firmness visible in their countenances, induce the commander in chief to assign them a post of consequence. In the day of battle, they make a glorious stand against superior numbers and superior discipline united, but are finally mown down by the dreadful flying artillery of the enemy. Few of the brave Langenites survive the fatal day. Meiners is killed, and *Ignotus* is wounded dangerously, but not mortally; while Julia, and those who had staid behind at Langen, are obliged precipitately to fly, and to seek refuge at Coire. *Ignotus*, being in some degree recovered, is set at liberty, and allowed to proceed to the town which contains his Julia. He hears her welcome voice, and his eyes behold his beloved daughter: but, alas! her faded form, and her pale and emaciated countenance, announce that she is in a deep decline. For a few short months, this unfortunate parent enjoys the society of his angelic child; each day of which only gave fresh and more clear notice of the cruel privation which he must speedily undergo. The hours of increasing melancholy soon pass over; and the soul of Julia joins that of her lover. *Monthly Review.*

Letters from Mrs. Palmerstone to her Daughter. By Mrs. Hunter, of Norwich. 12*mo.* 3 *Vols.* 15*s. Boards.*

The present Letters evidently display a habit of observation on men and manners, and no mean degree of discrimination in regard to characters: but it is of more importance to add, that they exhibit, in the person of the author, the Patroness of Virtue; and while they furnish many useful lessons for the young female reader, they will not fail to amuse, and perhaps to instruct, those of maturer years. The allegorical tales are pleasing; and, in particular, that of the Mother-in-law does honour to the understanding and maternal tenderness of the writer. *Monthly Review.*

The Rules of the Medical Institution, for the Sick and Drooping Poor; with an Explanation of its peculiar Design, and various necessary Instructions. Small 8*vo. pp.* 145.

The design of this establishment is thus announced by the author of this pamphlet, whom we suppose to be Dr. Beddoes:

'To check the canker of disease as soon as it fastens on the frame, and to root it out: the moment any one seems, before his season, inclining towards the grave, to stretch out a helping hand, raise him

him upright, and set him firmly upon his footing again; *and, as numbers fancy themselves but a trifle out of sorts, though really pining under some deadly disorder,* to undeceive and rescue them; to fill the feeble with strength to discharge the duties of their station; when a weakly childhood marks any one out as likely to be cut off in youth, to give him a fair chance for a long and healthy life; in fine, not only to stop short the fatal course of some maladies, but to render the constitution less accessible to them; and to stir up in fathers and mothers, an universal spirit of watchfulness over the condition of their tender offspring.'

The necessity for such an institution, in addition to the various means of relief which before existed, the author endeavours to evince by some popular and judicious remarks on Consumption, Scrophula, and a few other serious maladies. How far the benevolent hopes of Dr. Beddoes are likely to be realized, we have at present no opportunity of judging; nor are we informed by what means the very desirable objects which he has in view are to be effected. He promises us, however, a report at the close of the current year, to shew the benefit produced by this institution; and he engages to lay open an account of the cases, with the whole process of treatment employed.

It would appear that this Charity is a popular one, since 3533 invalids applied to it for relief in the course of the last year. It was first begun at Bristol Hot Wells: but, as the distance was found to be extremely inconvenient, it was afterwards removed to Bristol. Our best wishes attend its progress. *Monthly Review.*

Medical Ethics; or a Code of Institutes and Precepts, adapted to the professional Conduct of Physicians and Surgeons. 1. *In Hospital Practice.* 2. *In private or general Practice.* 3. *In relation to Apothecaries.* 4. *In Cases which may require a Knowledge of Law. To which is added an Appendix, containing a Discourse on Hospital Duties; also Notes and Illustrations. By Thomas Percival, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c.* 8*vo. pp.* 246. 5*s. Boards.*

We admire the feelings with which the present performance was written. At an advanced period of life, the author was induced to employ his thoughts in framing a set of medical precepts, which might tend to preserve or advance the respectability of a profession in which he had long been an ornament, and to make the intercourse between practitioners more advantageous to their patients and more agreeable to themselves. His inclinations on this subject were also strengthened by a wish to impress a son, who is educated for his own profession, with a high sense of its dignity and importance, and to enable him to prosecute his medical career with honour and utility. *Monthly Review.*

The Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery, performed in his Majesty's Vessel the Lady Nelson, of Sixty Tons Burthen, with Sliding Keels, in the Years 1800, 1801, *and* 1802, *to New South Wales. By James Grant, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. Including Remarks on the Cape de Verd Islands, Cape of Good Hope, the hitherto unknown Parts of New Holland, discovered by him in his Passage (the first ever attempted from Europe) through the Streight separating that Island from the Land discovered by Van Dieman: together with various Details of his Interviews with the Natives of New South Wales; Observations on the Soil, Natural Productions, &c. not known, or very slightly treated of, by former Navigators; with his Voyage Home in the Brig Anna Josepha round Cape Horn; and an Account of the present State of Falkland Islands. To which is prefixed, an Account of the Origin of Sliding Keels, and the Advantages resulting from their Use; with an Appendix of Orders, Certificates, and Examinations, relative to the Trial Cutter. The Whole illustrated with elegant Engravings.* 4*to.* 195 *pp.* 1*l.* 1*s.*

In every particular of this arduous and perilous undertaking, Mr. Grant has shown himself a skilful navigator, and remarkably well qualified to succeed in the paths of Captain Cook We add, with no common regret, that his rewards and encouragement have by no means corresponded with our ideas of his merit; and, what is still more to be lamented, we find that at this moment, covered with glory and with wounds, he is languishing in one of the prisons of our enemy. Some charts and engravings are added, which, if not entitled to the praise of elegance, are sufficiently illustrative. The representation of the northern coast of Bass's Straits, first traced by Mr. Grant, must be interesting to every geographer We hope that the success of this volume may excite attention to the author's merit, and that its sale may tend to alieviate the sorrows of absence from a beloved family, as well as to soften the horrors of captivity. *British Critic.*

The Eve of San Pietro, a Tale, in 3 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This seems an imitation, and by no means an unsuccessful one, of Mrs. Ratcliffe's manner. A good deal of imagination and contrivance are exhibited; but it may perhaps be objected, that this Tale is somewhat too complicated. It is written by a lady, and is probably a first attempt; in this case it does the writer much credit. *British Critic.*

The Fashionable World displayed. By Theophilus Christian, Esq. 12*mo.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Who Mr. Theophilus Christian is, we do not pretend to know; but we have no difficulty in asserting, of his tract, that a happier specimen of ironical writing has hardly been seen since the time of Swift.

The spirit of the performance is admirably preserved throughout; and is not improbably given to the public by a hand which has before received marks of approbation and reward. However this may be, we have perused it with great satisfaction, and recommend it in the strongest terms to general attention.

British Critic.

Letter to Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. on the Folly, the Indecency, and the dangerous Tendency of his public Conduct. By the Rev. Edward Hankin, M.A. M.D. Second Edition. 8*vo.* 58 *pp.* 2*s.*

The conduct of the gentleman to whom this Letter is addressed, is arraigned on grounds which, we think, every real friend to the country must approve. Though the author might have taken a far wider range, he confines his objections to the Hon. Baronet's Speech in the House of Commons, on the Defence Bill, July 18th, 1803, and his address to his guests, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on July the 29th following. The first of these speeches he considers as a "gross abuse of the freedom of Parliamentary debate, as a libel on his Majesty, and as having a direct tendency to withdraw the people from their allegiance to their Sovereign, to destroy their confidence in the wisdom and integrity of the two Houses, and thus to prepare them for sedition, treason, and rebellion." This charge he proves in detail, and to *our* satisfaction, and, instead of the very objectionable speech at the Crown and Anchor, proposes a very loyal and proper one; but which, we fear, he will not easily persuade the Baronet to adopt. The design, however, of this publication is laudable, and the execution by no means discreditable to the Reverend Author. *British Critic.*

Verulamiana; or Opinions on Men, Manners, Literature, Politics, and Theology. By Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, &c. &c. To which is prefixed, the Life of the Author, by the Editor. 12*mo.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

There are many readers, it should seem, who are fond of these dissections of celebrated authors; and if any will justify such use of their works, Lord Bacon undoubtedly will. These extracts appear to have been made with care and judgment, and are by no means improper for "a parlour window."

British Critic.

Letters on the Study and Use of Ancient and Modern History; containing Observations and Reflections on the Causes and Consequences of those Events which have produced conspicuous Changes in the Aspect of the World, and the general State of human Affairs. By John Bigland, Author of Reflections on the Resurrection and Ascension. 12*mo.* 6*s.*

We are well pleased with this publication, which, founded on the authority of the most celebrated historians, exhibits a very useful manual for the younger student. It is written with great vigour and perspicuity; nor do we see any sentiments obtruded, against which, as they relate either to religion or politics, it appears necessary to caution the young reader. It is a useful undertaking well executed. *British Critic.*

The History of the Invasion of Switzerland by the French, and the Destruction of the democratical Republics of Schwitz, Uri, and Unterwalden. By Henry Zschokke, National Prefect of the Canton of Bazil. Translated from the French of J. B. Briatte, Secretary of Legation to the Helvetic Republic at Paris. With a Preface and Supplement by the Translator. 8*vo.* 7*s.*

It is somewhere remarked by Gibbon, that History would but ill execute her honourable office, did she condescend to plead the cause of tyrants, or vindicate the maxims of persecution. Of all the atrocious proceedings on the part of the French, which provoke the astonishment, and justify the indignation, of mankind, the artifices, the perfidy, and cruelty with which they accomplished the destruction of the liberty of Switzerland, seem to exhibit the largeſt field for historical severity. This is in part exhibited in the publication before us, which presents the reader with a plain and energetic, though concise account, of the invasion of Switzerland generally, but more particularly with the destruction of the republics of Schwitz, Uri, and Unterwalden. It is the performance of an author very advantageously known by many esteemed works; and who, in 1798, was nominated by the Helvetic Directory, Commissioner of Government, and charged with the grateful office of healing, as far as they could be healed, the ravages of war. It may therefore be considered as authentic in the first instance; to which may be added, that it has been circulated with extreme avidity in Switzerland and Germany; has been translated into French, from which version, which is asserted to be perfectly faithful, the present work has been taken.

British Critic.

The Apollonian Wreath.

IMPROMPTU,

Written by T. Moore, *the celebrated Translator of* Anacreon, *on his leaving the City of Philadelphia, where the most distinguished Attention had been shewn the youthful Poet.*

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.

Oh, Nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
How faint are they all, to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own!

Nor long did the soul of this stranger remain
Unbless'd by the smile he had languish'd to meet;
Oh, scarce did he hope it would bless him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd by his feet.

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him, (with flattery welcome and dear,)
That they found in his heart something dearer than fame.

Nor did woman—Oh! woman, whose form, and whose soul,
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sunn'd in the tropic, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny;
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long;
Like eyes he had lov'd, was HER eloquent eye;
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh blest be the tear, and in memory oft,
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream;
Oh blest be that eye, and may passion as oft
As free from a pang ever mellow its beam.

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,
To tell with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone.

SONG,

Adapted to the Tune of, "O no, my Love, no!"

BLEAK rag'd the black storm, when with phrenzied thought raging,
Unknown to her parents, Maria had fled;
Grief sat on those features which once, so engaging,
Had charm'd Henry's heart—But, alas! he is dead.
Alike tender plants, if we see two entwining,
Should a blight snatch but one, e're it withers away,
Instinctive, the other, immediately pining,
Its leaves quickly fade, and its beauties decay.

The anxious Maria, unto her Love's pillow
Had hasted, determin'd to catch his last breath:
O'erwhelm'd with distress, like the sad weeping willow,
She hung o'er her Henry, convulsed in death.
At last in her arms, her Love's death-blow was giv'n;
That moment her heart burst its bound'ries away,
And now her sweet form, by Adversity driv'n,
Beside her lov'd Henry seeks refuge in clay.

Sept. 10th, 1804. T. B. BIRD.

REPARTEE AT A BALL.

"CAPTAIN," the lovely Flavia cries,
"A diamond pin I've lost."
"Madam," brave Gorget straight replies,
"My heart has left its post."

"And was it worth the finding, Sir?
"Come, Captain, make confession."
"Sweet Nymph, it was, I must aver,
"Since 'tis in your possession."

Clare, Aug. 23, 1804. STREPHON.

TO A LIVELY BRUNETTE,

Who desired the Author to make some Verses on her.

DO not expect me to compare
The snow-white lily, love, to you;
For candour prompts me to declare,
The lily fairest of the two.

And should I say, the rose's hue
On thy soft cheek more freshly glows,
'Twoud be a compliment to you,
But very little to the rose.

What then? I know those hills of bliss
Enclose a heart that can love dearly;
And he who tastes thy thrilling kiss,
I'm sure, will feel it very clearly!

And who would quit so warm a breast,
To dangle after rose and lily?
For many, in *their* colours drest,
Are things as senseless, and as silly.

Say, who, that feels a kindred glow,
Would quit a heart so fond, so true,
To seek a bosom white as snow?
Perhaps with all its coldness too!

SONNET TO THE MOON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "INVASION," A POEM.

CHASTE Queen of Eve, and wilt thou lend an ear
To one whom hope and happiness have fled?
For thy lov'd beams have still the pow'r to cheer,
And woo my fancies from th' unconscious dead.

Thou hast no partial ray for wealth and pride,
No beam distinctive for th' insulting great,
By whom befriended, or to whom allied,
Thou never heed'st, thou hast no party hate.

True sov'reignty is thine; and oft alone
Thus have I stray'd to hail thy "peerless light,"
And see thee rising from thy eastern throne,
To kiss, with maiden beams, the cheek of night;

Till Sol, his rosy rays around the landscape flung,
And drown my fancies wild, the cares of day among.

On Leaving the Place of my Nativity.

GOOD friends, farewell:—Companions, youthful mates,
May Comfort smile within your cheering gates.
Farewell those hours that bless'd the youthful scene,
When mutual kindness echo'd through the green,
When gambols, harmless as the tender dove,
Endear'd our hearts, and op'd the mind to love.
My BENEFACTOR—rever'd man—adieu!
What thanks can pay the debts I owe to you?

Ye happy cots, where Peace untroubled lives,
Where heaven-made bounty each one's want relieves,
Within whose doors all happiness I've known,
In each one welcome—frowned on by none—
Each guileless eye beam'd on my youthful face,
And kindly hail'd me with an artless grace.
Ah! can I from such friends—such pleasures—part,
Without the tribute of a grateful heart!

Peace—health—to all; and may your hearts receive
That joy and comfort they so gladly give.
Whate'er my fortune in this world may be,
Whate'er keen Fate may have in store for me,
Whate'er my cast in life's uncertain scene,
Still I'll remember—what with you I've been.
This look's my last—from off this well-known peak
My feelings dictate—but I cannot speak.

Durham, 12*th Sept.* 1804. P. K.

TO A ROSE.

FROM Nature's kind maternal care
I tore thee in thy prime:
Thy bloom admitted no compare;
All Beauty then was thine.

High on the stem I saw thee bloom,
Lord of the gaudy tree:
Thy beauty seal'd thy hapless doom,
Thou ow'st it all to me.

Thou fad'st—'tis gone—thy native hue—
Nor is there recompence:
Thou droop'st—thou dy'st—an emblem true
Of injur'd innocence.

Durham, 12*th Sept.* 1804. PERCIVAL.

KITTY: A PASTORAL.

From a very curious and scarce Work, intitled "The Muse in Livery;"

BY ROBERT DODSLEY.

I.

FROM beneath a cool shade, by the side of a stream,
Thus writes thy Theander, and thou art his theme:
Thy beauties inspiring, my dearest, I'll shew,
There's nothing in nature so beauteous as you.

II.

Though distance divides us, thy beauties I see;
Those beauties so lov'd and admir'd by me!
Now, now I behold thee, sweet-smiling, and pretty—
O, Gods! you've made nothing so fair as my KITTY!

III.

Come, lovely idea, come fill my fond arms,
And whilst I thus gaze on thy numerous charms,
The beautiful objects which round me do lie,
Grow sick, at thy presence, with envy, and die.

IV.

Now FLORA the meads and the groves does adorn,
With flowers and blossoms on every thorn;
But look on my KITTY!—There sweetly does blow,
A spring of more beauties than FLORA can show.

V.

See, see how that rose there adorns the gay bush,
And, proud of its colour, would vie with her blush;
Vain boaster! thy beauties shall shortly decay—
She blushes—and see how it withers away.

VI.

Observe that fair lily, the pride of the vale,
In whiteness unrivall'd,—now droops, and looks pale;
It sickens, and changes its beautiful hue,
And bows down its head in submission to you.

VII.

The Zephyrs, that fan me beneath the cool shade,
When panting with heat on the ground I am laid,
Are less grateful and sweet than the heavenly air,
That breathes from her lips when she whispers—*My dear.*

VIII.

O hear the gay lark, as she mounts in the skies,
How sweet are her notes! how delightful her voice!
Go dwell in the air, little warbler, go;
I've music enough when my KITTY's below.

IX.

With pleasure I watch the laborious bee,
Extracting her sweets from each flower and tree—
Ah, fools! thus to labor to keep you alive;
Fly, fly to her lips, and at once fill your hive.

X.

See there, on the top of that oak, how the doves
Sit brooding each other, and cooing their loves;
Our loves are thus tender, thus mutual our joy,
When folded on each others bosoms we lie.

XI.

It glads me to see how the pretty young lambs
Are fondled, and cherish'd, and lov'd by their dams:
The lambs are less pretty, my dearest, than thee;
Their dams are less fond, nor so loving as me.

XII.

I view all the beauties the world now puts on,
Which all owe their birth to the warmth of the sun:
The world is to me in my dear KITTY's arms,
And my Love's the warm sun that must fill it with charms.

XIII.

But, leaving the fields, and the groves, I retire,
To visit the gardens, where Art does conspire
With Nature, to finish one beauteous parterre:
But Heav'n, in her face, has out-done them by far.

XIV.

Here various flowers still paint the gay scene;
And as some fade, and die; others bud, and look green:
The charms of my KITTY are constant as they;
Her virtues will bloom as her beauties decay.

XV.

I sit on the ground, and, reclining my head,
Repose amongst flowers, a sweet-smelling bed!
A sweet smelling bed! yet, ah! nothing so sweet
As KITTY's dear bosom, my balmy retreat.

XVI.

As I gaze on the river that smoothly glides by,
Thus even and sweet is her temper, I cry;
Thus clear is her mind, thus calm and serene;
And virtues, like gems, at the bottom are seen.

XVII.

But in vain I compare her; here's nothing so bright;
And night now approaches, and hinders my sight:
To bed I must hasten, and there all her charms,
In softer ideas, I'll bring to my arms.

HENRY'S SHADE.

OH, heard you that deep hollow sound,
That seem'd to shake the troubled ground?
And heard you that low rust'ling sweep,
Which seem'd across the grass to creep?
'Tis hapless Henry's restless shade,
Which nightly walks the silent glade.

Unhappy youth! a maid he lov'd
Who false to his affection prov'd;
The morn she promis'd him to wed,
That morn she with another fled:
'Twas then that Henry, on this heath,
His God forgot—and rush'd on death.

Unhallow'd here, his body's laid;
O'er him no burial prayer was said;
But on his grave the rank weeds grow,
And o'er the place the loud winds blow;
Whilst on the stake the rav'nous bird
The long drear night is screaming heard.

Soon as arrives the evening grey,
No peasant dares to pass this way;
Yet, as they take their lengthen'd round,
They mourn his fate with sighs profound;
And offer up a prayer to heaven,
That his rash crime may be forgiven.

Still o'er the wild and dreary waste,
With hurried footsteps on they haste,
Nor check their pace till past the wood
Which leads to where his cottage stood.
For till morn dissipates their fears,
Amid the gloom his shade appears.

SUSAN.

CHARLES AND JANE.

TALK not now of peace and pleasure,
Charles has fled from love and me;
He was once my dearest treasure,
Now he roves the raging sea.

'Tis ten mournful months of sorrow
Since he left my shelt'ring breast;
Yet on each returning morrow,
Something whispers, joy and rest.

Grant

Grant, ye Pow'rs! your kind protection!
Still to Charles a guidance prove!
Still preserve his fond affection!
Waft him home to Jane and love!

Thus, in accents mildly glowing,
Mourn'd the maid her absent dear:
While she spake, with pendant flowing,
Lo! a ship approach'd the pier.

Soon a signal 'kerchief greeting,
Freed fair Jane from all alarms;
Soon—oh! blissful, happy meeting!—
Charles clasp'd Jane within his arms!

Sept. 10th, 1804. J. M. L.

ODE TO POVERTY.

In Imitation of BURNS.

OH, hideous spectre, from my sight!
Thy very name fills me with fright—
My constant wish is, day and night,
To be without thee!
I scarcely dare begin to write,
Or think about thee!

It fills the hearts of young and old
With dread and terror, to behold
Thy countenance, of ghastly mould,
And hideous form;
Life is a calm, wert thou not bold;
With thee—a storm.

See crowded multitudes appear,
With busy hopes and anxious fear;
With eager looks along they steer,
And hurried pace;
'Tis all lest thou should'st shew too near
Thy frightful face!

Hear'st thou yon wretch's bursting sigh?
Mark'st thou his look and haggard eye?
"'Tis Poverty!" I hear him cry,
"Presses me sore!"
To 'scape from thee, with joy he'd fly.
His native shore.

Thy near approach we soon perceive—
The threadbare coat—the ragged sleeve—
The dismal face, that seems to grieve
For heart of woe,
Too plainly prove where thou dost give
Thy fatal blow.

Let

Let thoughtless spendthrifts at thy shrine
Pour forth their bowls of costly wine,
'Tis thou that promp'st each gay design,
The joyous night;
Thou know'st the time will soon be thine
To shew thy spite.

How shall I safest keep away
Thy dreaded frown? How most delay
Thy near approach, which with dismay
Fills every breast?
What is't will keep thee best at bay,
Thou dismal guest?

"The way is plain"—methinks I hear
A voice low whisper in my ear,
"Extravagance, with specious leer,
"Invites him nigh;
"But let Frugality appear,
"The fiend will fly!"

Islington. W. W.

An Old Coquette's Enigmatical List of her Lovers' Names.

1. What she was at sixteen.
2. What she set her cap at when eighteen.
3. The subject of her thoughts night and day.
4. What she always wished for when she had one lover.
5. What she wished her lovers to be.
6. What she generally gave her lovers.
7. What she expected her admirers to apply to.
8. What she still wishes to be thought.
9. What she still continues to do.
10. What she thought the wealthiest lover.

EXPLANATION.

1. Mr. Gay.
2. Mr. Bachelor.
3. Mr. Love.
4. Mr. More.
5. Mr. Rich.
6. Mr. Pain.
7. Mr. Parsons.
8. Mr. Young.
9. Mr. Hope.
10. Mr. Best.

ELEGIAC

ELEGIAC LINES

To the Memory of Miss S. G.

By a Young Lady.

AND art thou gone? Is my Susannah dead?
Yes, the sweet suff'rer has for ever fled:
Pluck'd in her youthful bloom, behold she lies,
For ever clos'd in death her sparkling eyes.
Cold is that heart that once so warmly beat;
Of filial love and friendship, once the seat.
Hush'd is that voice, that once was wont to cheer
Her tender parents, and relations dear:
Ne'er will they hear her soothing words again;
For ever silent now she must remain.
Yet scarcely eighteen summers had she bloom'd,
E'er to the grave the lovely girl was doom'd.
Her happy spirit now hath wing'd its way
To the bright regions of eternal day.
There never-ending pleasures are her lot;
The richest man on earth she envies not.
Nay, what are all the charms the world can boast,
But splendid baubles, worthless toys at most?
No earthly charms, admired by the gay,
Could make my Susan form a wish to stay;
But, *better taught*, she long'd to take her flight,
From this vain world, to realms of pure delight.
Oh! think, ye *young*; and pause, ye thoughtless *gay*;
Ye in a moment may be snatch'd away.
May we, like Susan, in our early *youth*,
Be taught to listen to the voice of *truth*.
And oh! my Susan, may thy happy end
Prove but a lesson to thy erring friend.
As life's so short, and so uncertain too,
Oh may I always keep my end in view!
But what avails the fond remembrance now?
Though so much lov'd, alas! how soon laid low!
Now, free from sin, and pure as spotless white,
Supremely blest, she shines an angel bright.

Correspondence, &c.

The Address "To Poetry" *shall appear in our next: also* "On Miss S. T's. Absence."

"Sonnet to the Ephemeron" *is too irregular; and the extravagant Praises of* Miss Abrams *little short of blasphemy.*

Mackenzie sculp.

Countess Spencer.

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